

September 1959, 60 cents

THE *Atlantic*

GERTRUDE

STEIN

IN

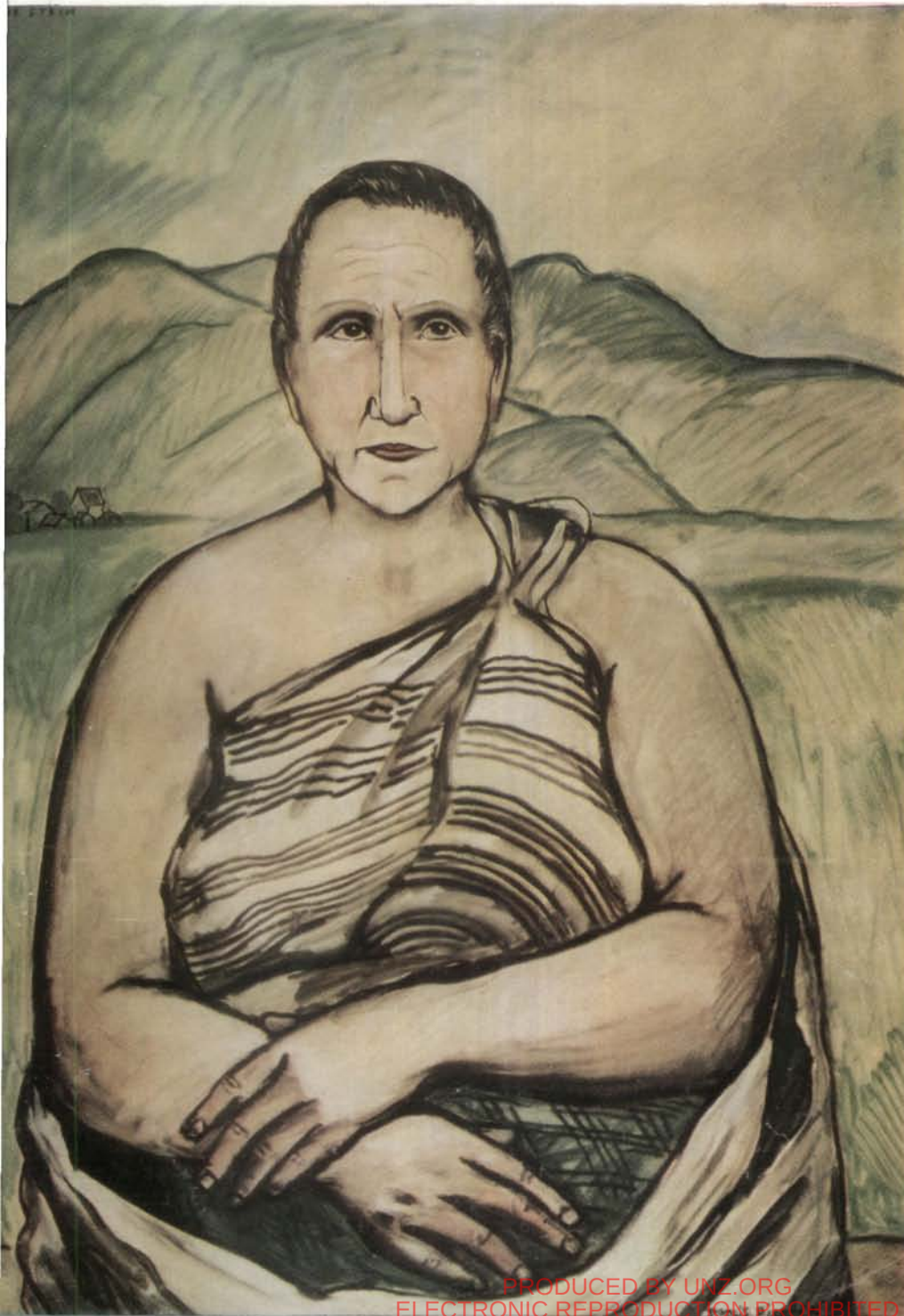
PARIS

by

John

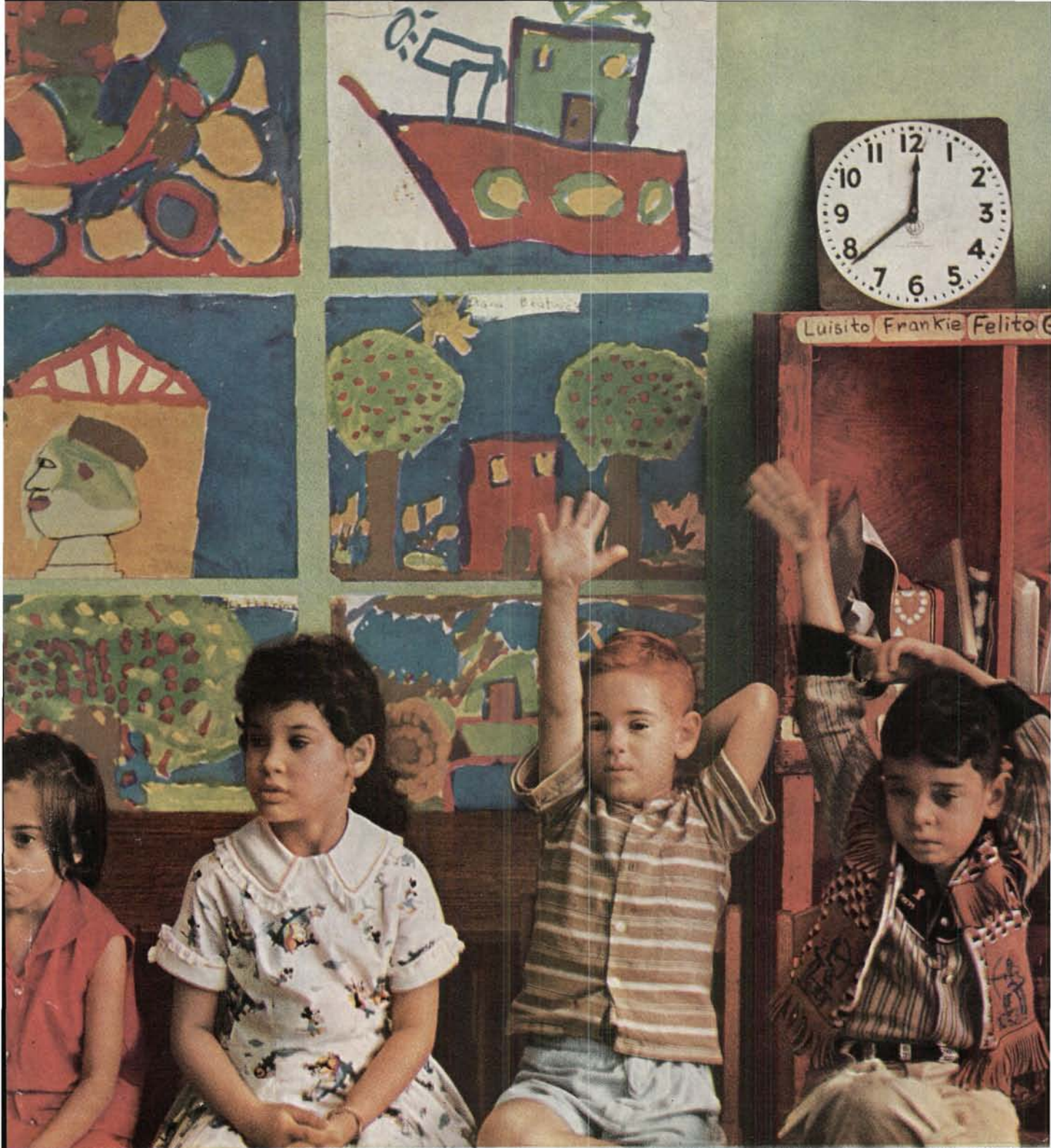
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SEPTEMBER ATLANTIC

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COVER PORTRAIT OF GERTRUDE STEIN BY FRANCIS PICABIA

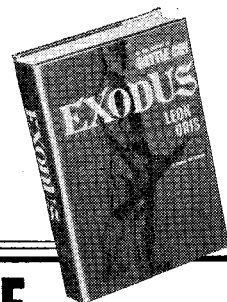
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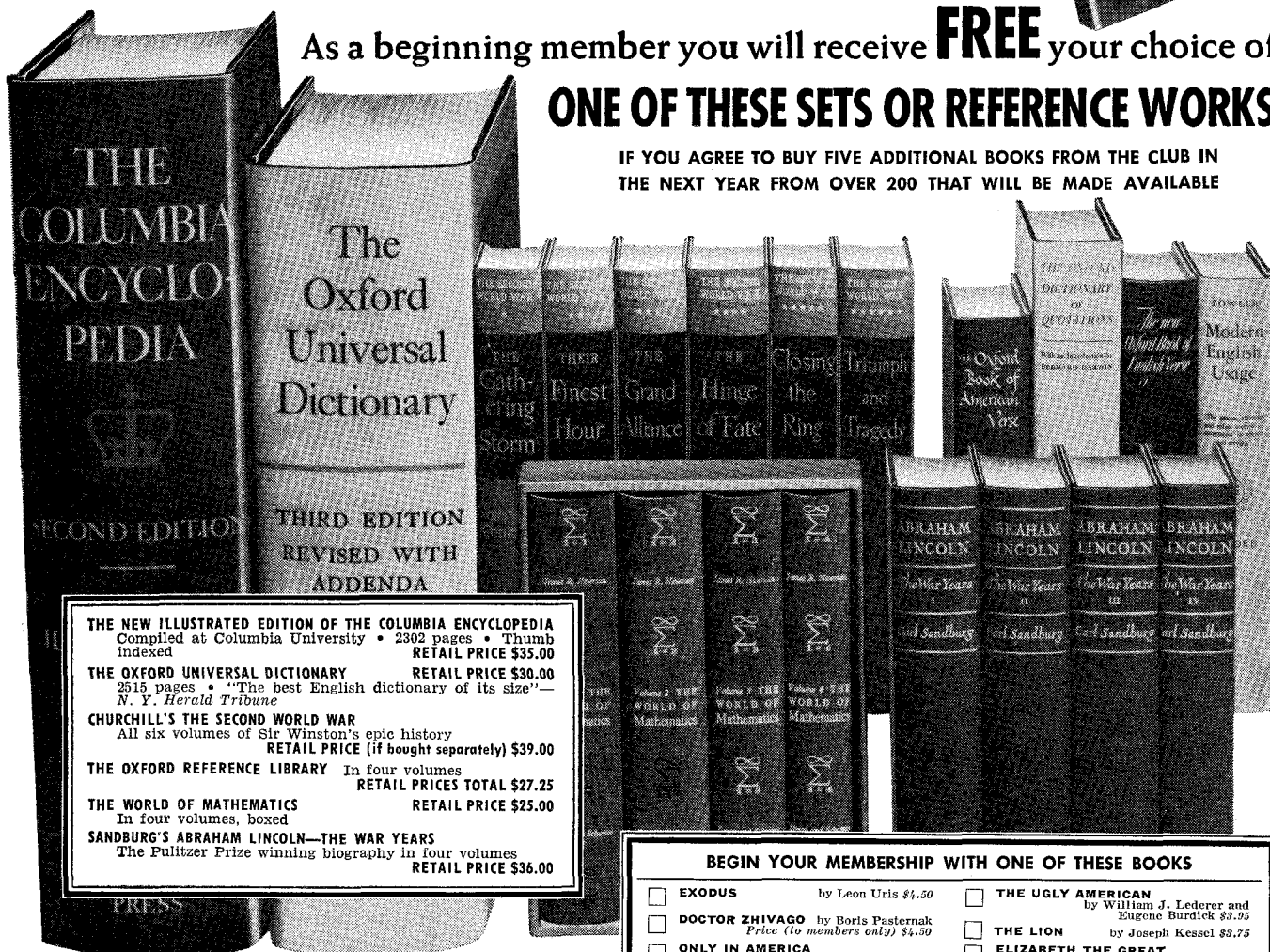
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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

AMERICANS, by nature, believe that international differences can somehow be worked out, that a compromise will in some way be possible. Americans feel that the purpose of negotiations, such as those in Geneva, is to reach a settlement and that a settlement ought to bring stability so that we can all go fishing.

By all the evidence, however, this is not the fact. In one of the endless streams of radio and television interviews which take place in Washington, Representative Walter Judd, the Minnesota Republican, took a dim view of negotiating with the Communists. "We lost ground every time because we went there and laid our cards on the table and assumed they wanted a settlement. They don't want a settlement. . . . They want victory. We want to end the struggle; they want to win the struggle," he said.

That is indeed the view of those who spend their time either inside or outside the government living with the problems of the cold war. The President has been saying increasingly of late that the free world, Americans especially, must realize that we are in for years of struggle with the Communists. But he has never put it so bluntly as did Judd. And Eisenhower's actions often seem to belie his words. His rejection of any moves which would "alarm" or "frighten" the American public, his tendency to see the hopeful side — however small the glimmer may be — his almost fanatical devotion to budget-balancing, all have undercut the small but growing group of American leaders, in and out of public office, who are trying to make the public face the facts.

In the two years since Sputnik heaved into the skies, every indication has been of a shifting balance of world power, a shift increasingly disadvantageous to the United States and the free world.

It may be difficult to measure this shift in military terms with any precision. But it is plain for all to see that Khrushchev believes in the shift and is acting to take advantage of it.

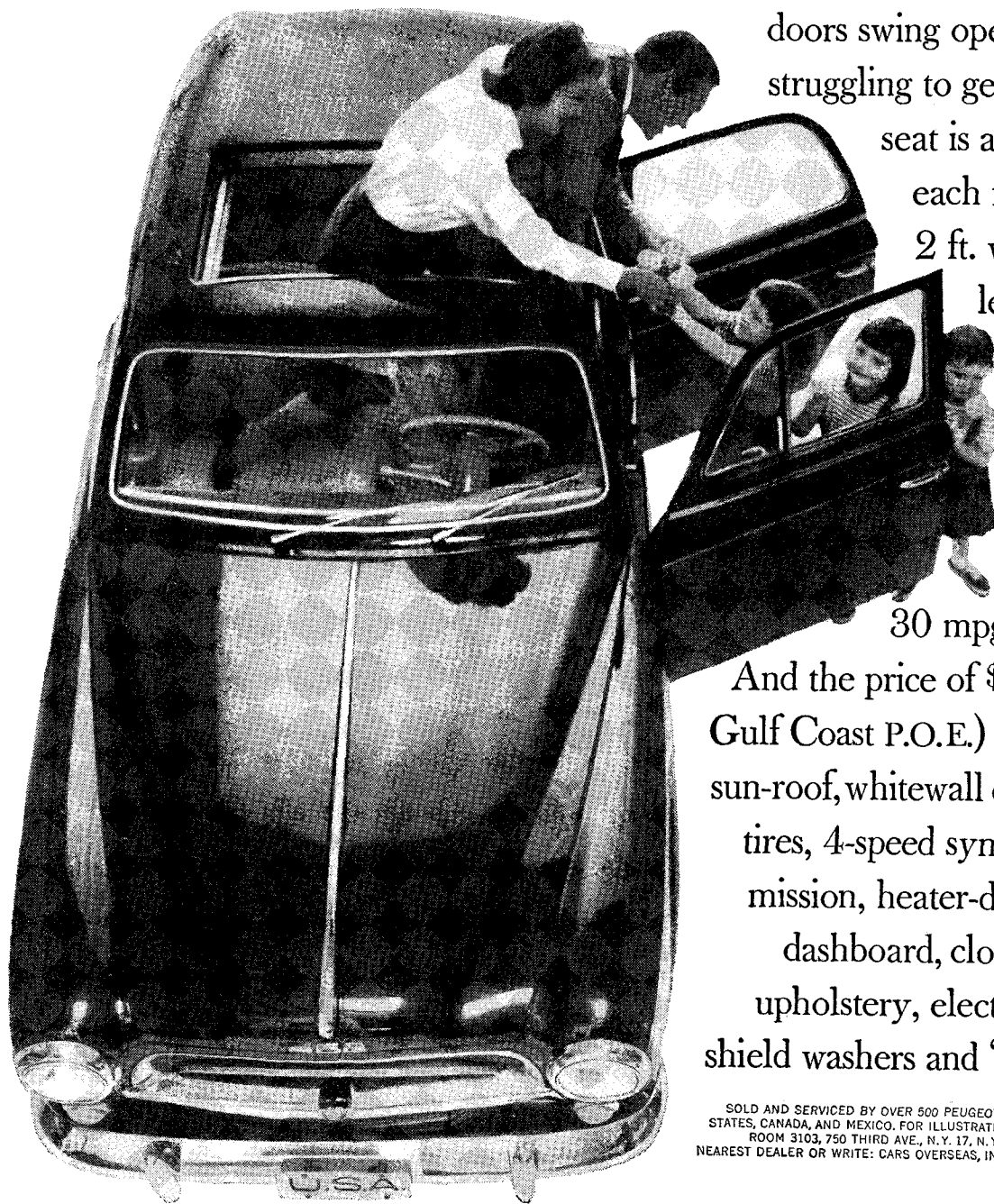
Khrushchev's brinkmanship

For many months after Khrushchev first created the Berlin crisis last November the standard view among top Administration foreign policy officials centered on two themes: he was bluffing, or he had overextended himself and needed some device to get off the hook. Initial policy decisions in the West were designed to offer Khrushchev a means of backing down.

This attitude has slowly changed to the extent that in the summer the State Department felt it necessary formally to deny a columnist's report that top officials were "shaken and alarmed" by Khrushchev's tough language to former New York governor W. Averell Harriman. In fact some were so affected, but they were the minority.

The Administration has reached the conclusion that Khrushchev was trying to frighten rather than entice the President into a Summit conference. The Russians worked hard and effectively at wringing each minute concession from the West on Berlin, knowing that the West is divided on how to negotiate with the Kremlin.

Probably the East-West negotiations will continue, in one form or another, at one level or another for many months. There is still little disposition in Washington to believe that Khrushchev wants war; the Soviet leader thinks he can win in the long run in what he calls peaceful competition. He has staked too much on the success of his seven-year plan to narrow, and subsequently to close, the economic gap between the two major powers to risk it all in war. But, it has been in-



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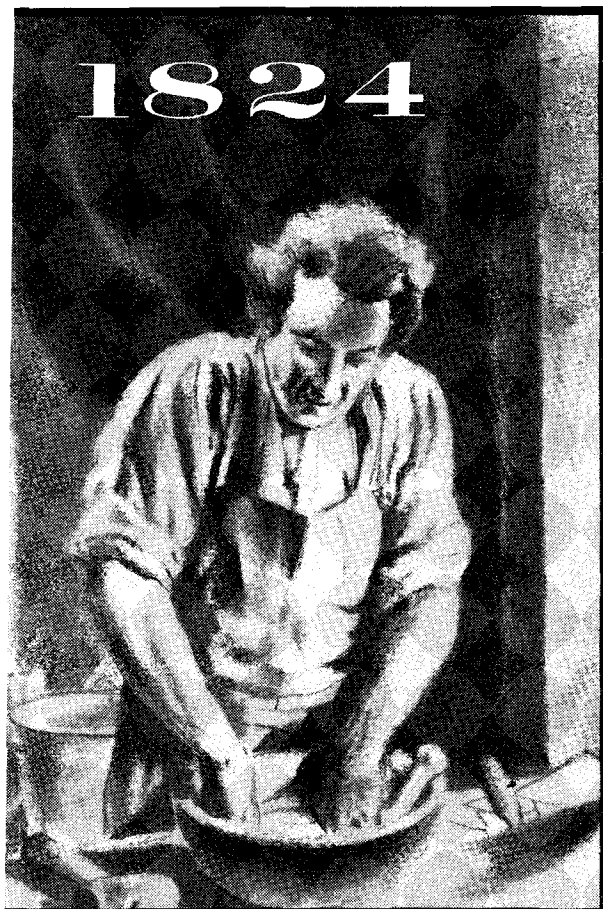
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Report on Washington



creasingly accepted in Washington, Khrushchev is playing at brinkmanship, and that always is dangerous in a world where the weapons which could go off by miscalculation are so terrible.

On top of the Soviet pressures on Berlin, there are rumblings of coming troubles in Asia. Few in the Capital would be surprised at a new outbreak over Formosa. No one knew for certain whether Khrushchev was telling the truth in boasting to Harriman that Russian rockets have now been sited in Red China aimed at Formosa. But Washington has learned to respect the majority of Khrushchev's boasts. A combination of Communist pressures in both Europe and Asia or in Europe and the Middle East could produce the most dramatic confrontation of power yet in the East-West struggle.

The foreign aid squabble

Those who have been worried about these trends, especially in the past six or eight months, are troubled by the lethargic American response in terms of government policies. Not only has the Administration refused to make any but a minimal increase in the arms program in order to close the missile gap, a gap which is widening rather than narrowing, but its economy drive has badly hobbled the program for economic aid.

When Arkansas' J. William Fulbright this year took over the Senate Foreign Relations Committee chairmanship, one of his resolves, stated in his committee report on the foreign aid bill, was "to effect a major transformation in the mutual security program." Fulbright knew that the aid program has constantly suffered from being on a hand-to-mouth basis, subject to annual cutting when Congress got around to voting the actual money bill. This has been especially true in the House Appropriations Committee.

Two years ago, at the Administration's request, Congress had set up the Development Loan Fund to put long-term loans on a basis which would permit rational planning both by the United States and by the recipient nations. Year after year foreign governments have said that the greatest impediment to their use of American aid has been their inability to schedule long-term capital projects because they never knew whether the subse-

quent installments would be forthcoming from Congress.

The DLF in two years has proved a success, so far as it goes, and has won plaudits from Congress. Fulbright decided that the time was ripe to put the fund in business in a way which would give the free world a real economic weapon in the vast areas of Asia, Africa, and Latin America where selective Soviet aid is growing more and more effective politically. Fulbright won his committee's approval to grant the fund a billion dollars a year for five years.

More important, and to prevent cuts in this authorization in the appropriation bills, Fulbright proposed exactly what Eisenhower himself had asked Congress to approve when DLF was set up in 1957: authority to borrow the money directly from the Treasury without subsequent votes by Congress. For weeks the President indicated coolness to the idea, though he favored the long-term proposal. And when the chips were down in the Senate vote, White House pressure whipped all but six Republican senators behind a vote to kill the Treasury borrowing power. The GOP votes were decisive, and on the key vote Fulbright was beaten 48 to 42.

Fulbright called the action "one of the most disastrous" ever taken by the Senate. That may be a matter of judgment, but no one who has hoped to see some order brought out of the foreign aid program, conceded all around as unpopular politically in the United States, could disagree with Fulbright's statement that rejection of the long-term proposal was "further evidence that we have tied our hands so that we cannot plan an effective program." Republican Senator Aiken of Vermont put the blame squarely on the White House.

Ironically, while White House agents were pressuring the Republican senators to reject what the President himself had proposed two years earlier, State Department officials were quietly lobbying for the Fulbright proposal. The senator was not revealing any secrets when he said on the Senate floor that he had no doubt that both Secretary Herter and Undersecretary Dillon supported the plan. What has happened, he added, "is that the Administration has permitted the Secretary of the Treasury to override the Secretary of State and the whole Department of State on the determination of foreign policy." The facts fully justified the statement.

Faced with such Eisenhower policies, it is not hard to understand the bitterness of Northern and Western Democrats when they read an earlier comment by Vice President Nixon praising the Eisenhower budget-balancing drive. Said Nixon:

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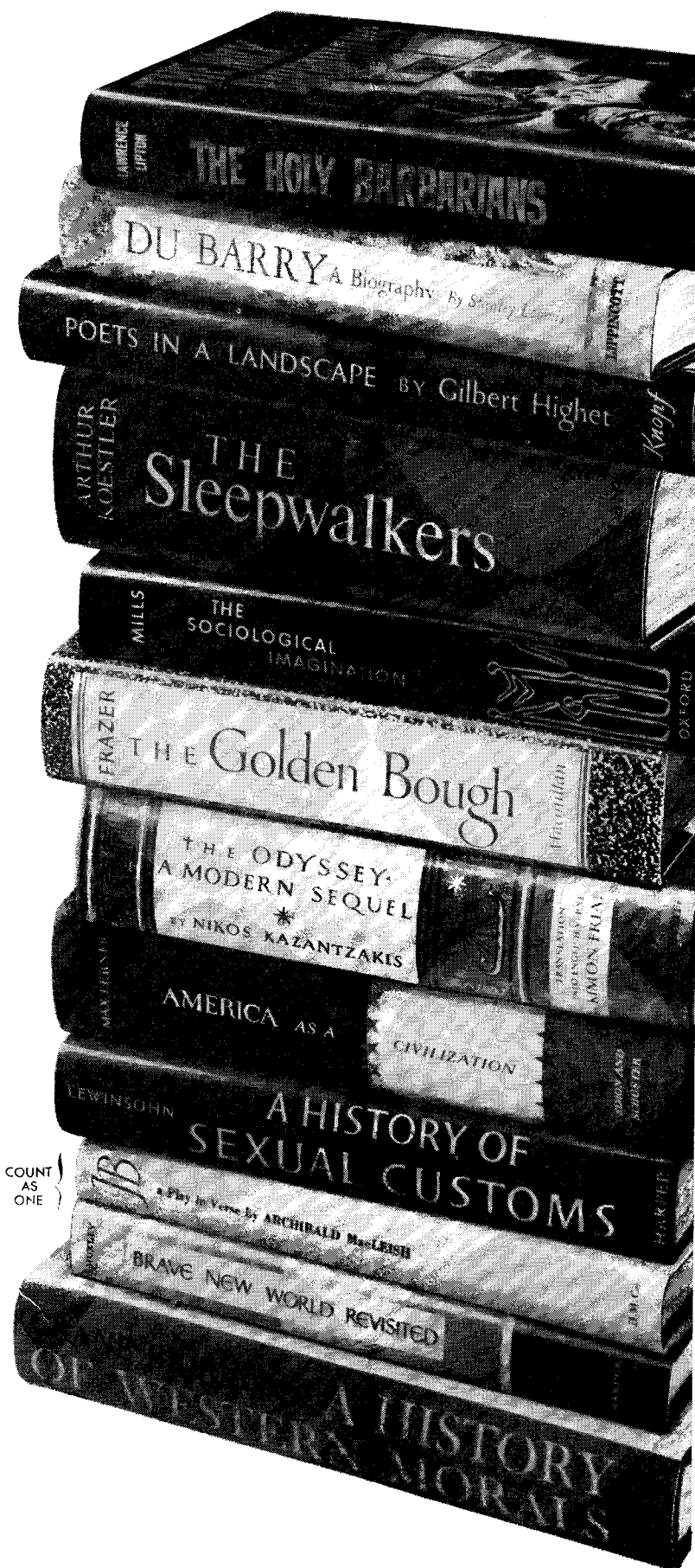
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Buying with the ear means buying on rumor and report, on gossip and hearsay, on other people's opinions of a painting or a piece of sculpture. Sometimes the outcome is happy for the collector. But in buying by the ear, he is running the risk of buying a fake that will prove worthless or a fad that will decline in value over the years.

The collector who buys with the eye is likely to fare better. He studies a work carefully before he buys—reads whatever documentary evidence there is about its genuineness, solicits the opinions of experts about its quality, makes sure that he is getting value for his money.

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Report on Washington



"As far as the Republicans are concerned, never have so few done so much for the country. As far as the Democrats are concerned, never have so many done so little."

The power of the presidency

Since the President began to press his budget issue, and since Majority Leader Johnson responded with a policy of trimming Democratic measures in an effort to escape vetoes, there has been a lot of argument in Washington. Many who have been calling Eisenhower a weak President whose chief aim has been to preserve the status quo have begun to wonder if they were wrong. In fact the President is using the vast power of the presidency in a way he did not use it before. He began to make a fight on the budget issue, an issue which touches nearly all segments of government because money is basic to governmental programs.

As Walter Lippmann has aptly pointed out, Congress can deny funds to the President but it cannot force him to spend when he does not want to spend. Thus even a limited use of the presidential powers, coming after nearly six years of relative nonuse, has demonstrated to the President what force he can have if only he will act. Of course such action requires an issue of substance. The issue here is real, but it is not a balanced budget *per se*. It is inflation. Every housewife at the supermarket is acutely conscious of the cost of living, of trying to make the family budget meet the family needs. Constant hammering at the budget issue, and relating it more and more to inflation as Eisenhower has been doing, touches a responsive chord around the country.

In short, though the public wants more schools and highways, better housing and hospitals, and all the other things needed for the growing population, it has not been sold on paying for them. Some in Washington, though they are the minority, believe that the public would respond to presidential leadership which worked for such improved services and faced up to the tax rises necessary to pay

for them. But that will not come in this Administration.

The Eisenhower veto, and threat of veto, has the Democrats on the defensive. The President, at cabinet meetings, talks about "my veto pistol" as though it were a newly discovered toy. Johnson remains determined to get as much as he can through Congress and past a presidential signature. He argues that the record in the end will be one of accomplishment, with a clear public picture that even more would have been accomplished except for the President's veto. After all, he argues, in the years since 1952, since Republican control of the White House, the record has been good enough to lead the voters to replace some twenty sitting Republican senators with Democrats. It is an impressive argument. But will it lead the voters in November, 1960, to bring a Democrat into the White House? The Northern and Western Democrats cannot help wondering whether Johnson is right.

Mood of the Capital

The fire directed at Senator Johnson from the Democrats on the left and from the White House on the right has, in the opinion of political observers in Washington, considerably damaged whatever chances he had for the Democratic presidential nomination.

The Hubert Humphrey boom, after his much-publicized talk with Khrushchev, has not died out, but it has been drooping. Contrariwise, Senator Kennedy's relentless drive makes him more and more the man to beat. The consensus in Washington is that, largely because of his religion, Kennedy will have to take on some of the favorite sons in next year's primaries. Wins against Governor DiSalle in Ohio and Wayne Morse and others in Oregon, plus a couple of other victories in lesser states such as Maryland, would make it hard to deny him the nomination. A victory over Humphrey in Wisconsin also would be a big help. But Kennedy is holding off, until fall at least, the decision on whether to take the big risk.

On the Republican side, the polls look better for Vice President Nixon. But Washington finds it very hard to believe that Governor Rockefeller will pass up the chance to challenge Nixon at Chicago.

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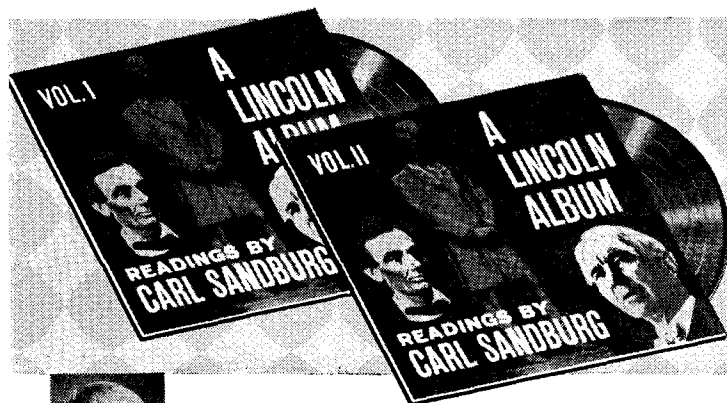
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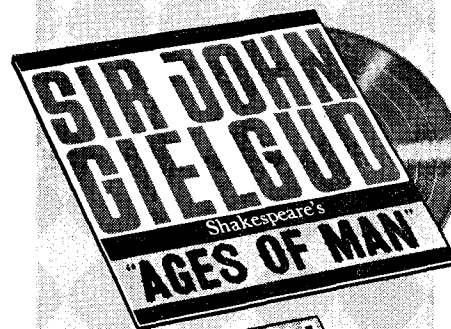
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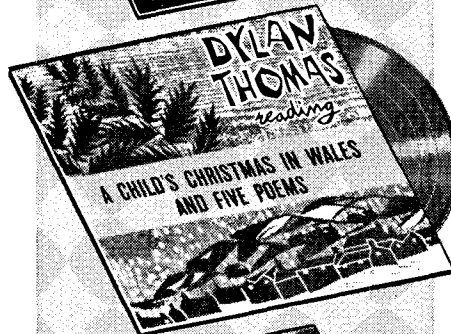
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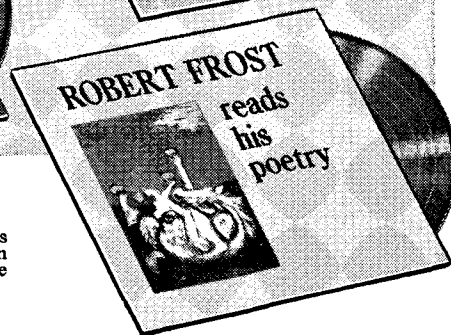
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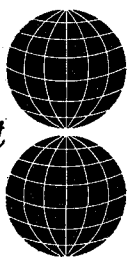
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The Atlantic Report GUINEA



ON THE outskirts of Conakry there is a government storeyard where you can pick up some excellent French statuary at bargain prices these days. The statues are those of former French governors and other officials prominent in Guinea during the period of colonial rule, which has just ended. Until recently they graced the neat little squares which the French laid out in this capital city.

With the coming of African rule, however, the statues have been shrouded and carried quietly away to storage. Their empty bases await new, and presumably African, statues. Thus has revolution come to Guinea — quietly and peacefully via the ballot box, and not by force of arms.

The revolution began on September 28 last year, the date of General Charles de Gaulle's referendum throughout metropolitan France and its overseas territories. Guinea was one of those overseas territories, along with seven others in West Africa: Senegal, Mauretania, Upper Volta, Niger, Sudan, Dahomey, and the Ivory Coast. Another four states in French Equatorial Africa — Gabon (home of the famed bush hospital of Dr. Albert Schweitzer), Middle Congo, Chad, and Ubangi-Shari — completed France's vast empire in black Africa, stretching from Dakar at the westernmost tip of Africa in a great arc to the banks of the Congo River: an area nearly the size of the United States.

Millions of Africans in these territories chose their future in the referendum, and voted either to maintain the status quo as departments of France, or to become republics self-governing in internal affairs but with membership in the new French "Community" replacing the old French Union, or to sever their ties with France and become sovereign nations.

The third choice — complete independence — was a drastic one. Few of the French African territories were economically self-sufficient. Most enjoyed considerable aid from France and preferential treatment in matters of trade. Independence would mean the end of French aid, subsidies, and

favorable treatment as well as the departure of key French personnel.

The price of freedom

In Guinea the dynamic young African leader, Sekou Touré, had clashed sharply with General de Gaulle in Conakry during the general's pre-referendum tour of African territories. For a weekend before the referendum Touré secluded himself in deep thought. At the end of it he announced his decision: Guinea would vote for complete independence.

Following the pattern of African politics today, in which personalities rather than policies swing the vote, the 2.5 million people of Guinea gave their leader a resounding 95.4 per cent vote favoring immediate independence. As the results flowed in from far-flung corners of the French empire, it became clear that Guinea alone had plumped for independence and emerged as a sovereign nation.

French reaction was sharp and swift. Determined to make an example of Guinea and underline the disadvantages of secession from the French Community, Paris announced that all French personnel would leave just as soon as they could be flown out. All French equipment was to be removed, and French financial and other assistance would cease immediately.

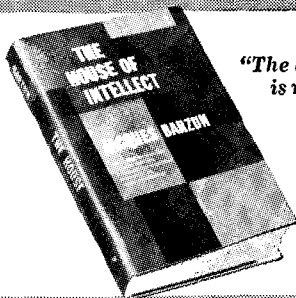
Guinea had been plunged into seeming chaos overnight. Government departments were whittled down, some disappearing almost completely as French administrators took their leave. The Guineans today claim bitterly that the French took with them everything of value: stationery, furniture, all technical equipment and movable machinery, and even the telephones and electrical wiring. Initially there appeared some doubt whether France would even recognize the new state or permit it to remain within the franc zone.

The Communists move quickly

This was the situation which confronted Touré upon his accession to the presidency of this brand-



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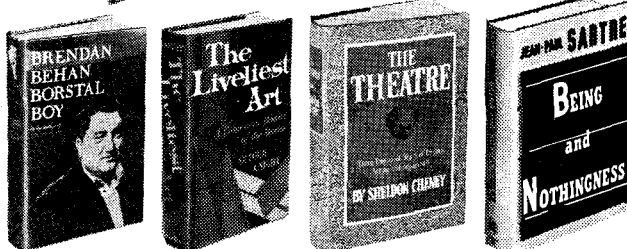


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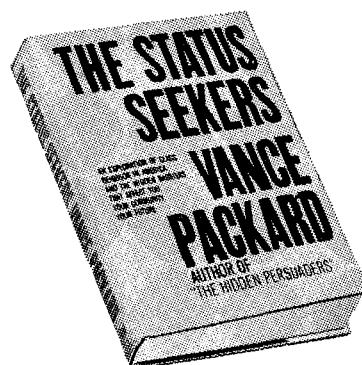
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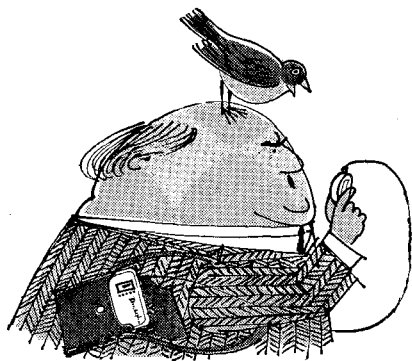
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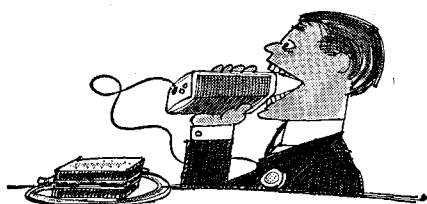
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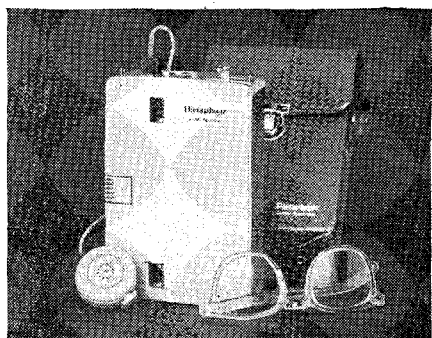
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Report on Guinea



new African nation. A tough and tireless African politician, he hurled himself into the task of restoring order and building a new administrative machine to replace that of the departing French. Reared in the hurly-burly world of African trade unionism, he gathered about him his supporters of the past. Thus unionists, the schoolteachers, and other men from humble ranks found themselves catapulted into ministerial jobs.

Swiftly the government sought out Guinea's handful of university-educated Africans, brought back other Guineans from their studies overseas, and recruited wherever they could to fill the gaps left by the French. Some Frenchmen sympathetic to Touré stayed on as servants of the new African government. Among the new recruits there appear to be a number with strongly leftist, if not Communist, leanings.

In fact, one striking feature about the early months of independence in Guinea has been the speed with which the Communist world has attempted to exploit the situation for Communist ends. In contrast to a certain tardiness on the part of the West to come to Guinea's aid, the Communists have been quick to recognize Guinea's sovereignty and to bring in diplomatic, trade, and cultural missions.

While the United States and Britain both are currently maintaining two-man embassies in Conakry, each headed by a chargé d'affaires, a number of Communist countries have established well-manned missions, some of them headed by ambassadors and some of them including Russian-speaking officers.

The East Germans maintain a twelve-man trade mission in Conakry. The Czechoslovaks flew in an eighteen-man military mission headed by a full general. The mission arrived simultaneously with two shipments of Czechoslovakian arms, which included eight thousand rifles, several thousand pistols, machine

guns, two armored cars, antitank weapons, field radio equipment, and numerous cases of hand grenades.

Meantime the Guineans have mortgaged an estimated 60 per cent of their agricultural exports to the Communist world by means of four barter and trade agreements with the Soviet Union, East Germany, Poland, and Czechoslovakia.

As final evidence of the high degree of Communist interest in Guinea at present there is the statement made by President Touré in an interview that certain Communist countries had offered to help build Guinea's projected Konkouré Dam. This is a hydroelectric project, reputedly two thirds the size of the Egyptian Aswan Dam scheme, which might cost up to \$300 million. The scheme is considered highly important by the Guinea government, for it is part and parcel of its plan for exploitation of Guinea's vast bauxite reserves and for the overall industrialization of the country.

Whether such a Communist offer of assistance has, in fact, been made and whether the offer is as specific as Touré apparently believes are moot points. From all the evidence it does appear, however, that the Communists are expending considerable energy on the new state of Guinea and that they conceivably plan to make it their first beachhead in black Africa, an area in which they apparently have had little success to date.

How far to the left?

Perhaps Communist hopes have been raised too by the Marxist bent of Touré, who has visited Warsaw and Prague from time to time on union business. Touré maintains stoutly that he is not a Communist. He says Guinea's new independence is too precious to be thrown away and replaced by enslavement to any other system, whether it be that of Moscow or not.

But at the same time he frankly admits he has studied Marxism, leans toward it, but has "Africanized" it and adapted it to the needs of his own continent. "We have," he says, "adopted Marxism to the extent that it is valid for Africa. We formally reject the principle of the class struggle, but instead we have sub-

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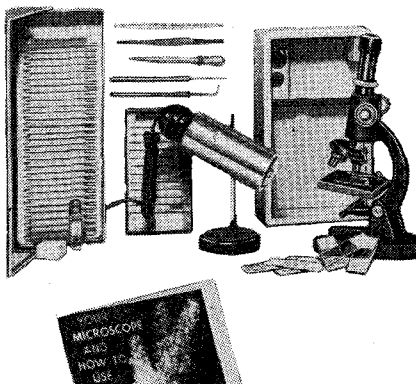


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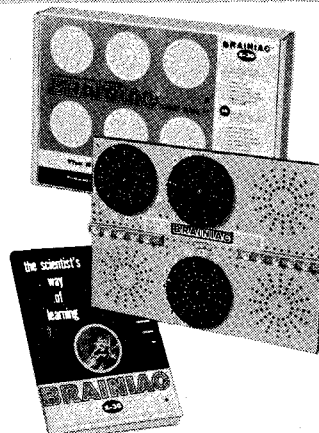
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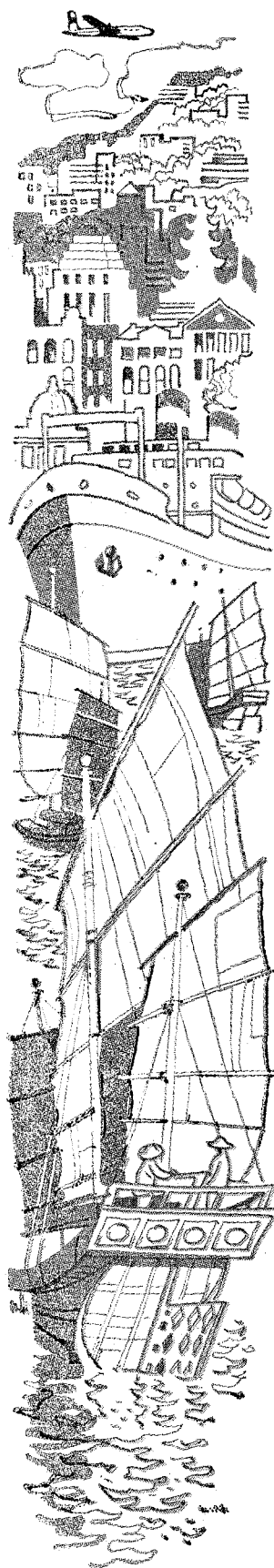
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Report on Guinea



stituted the anticolonial struggle for the class struggle." All hinges on the skill with which Touré can hold the Communists at arm's length. For the moment he appears supremely confident of his ability to do this and desperately anxious that the world should understand Guinea's neutrality and nonalignment with East or West.

Touré explains the high degree of cooperation between Guinea and Communist countries to date by saying that France left his country in a desperate plight, that it was compelled to accept aid from every quarter, and that the Communists have to date been more interested in helping Guinea than have the powers of the West.

"We would just as soon," says Touré, "have accepted arms from the West. Western countries knew that the French had stripped our army, but they did not help us. The Czechoslovakians sent us these arms as a gift. We did not pay for them. Why should we not accept them?" The President ridicules the suggestion that arms mean instructors and technicians in their wake, and claims that Guinea is well aware of the prospect of subversion, whether it be from a Communist or any other source.

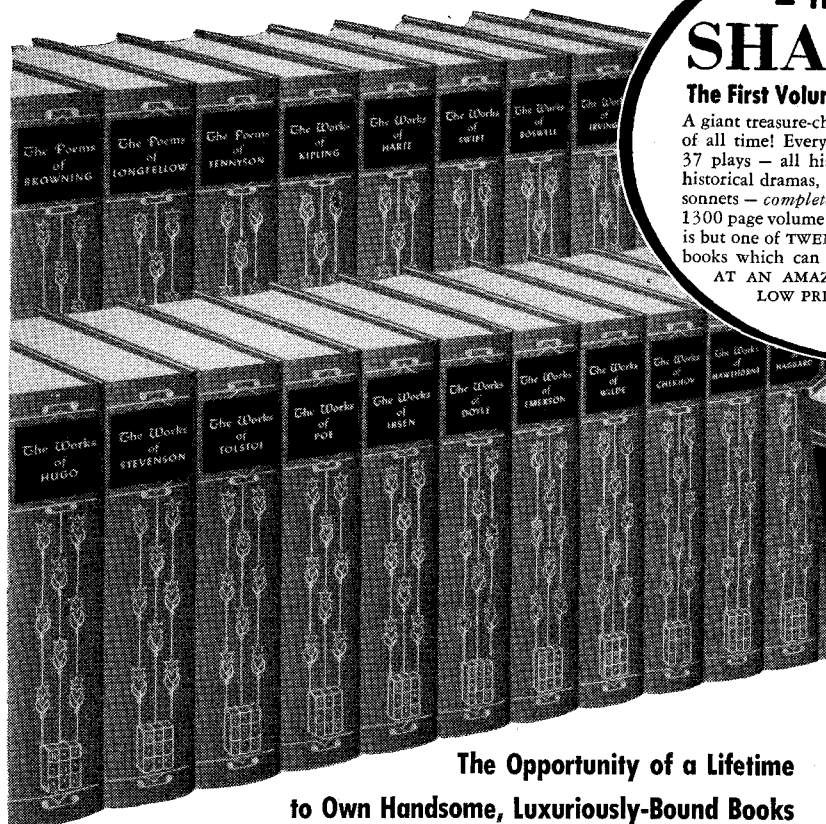
Although relations between France and Guinea are much more cordial now than a few months ago, and the two have exchanged diplomatic representatives and even signed some cultural and educational agreements, it is evident that the Communists have done their best to exploit the vacuum left in Guinea by France's withdrawal.

West African federation

One other source to which Touré turned in his hour of need was Ghana. After a visit to Ghana's Prime Minister, Kwame Nkrumah, the two African leaders announced that they had agreed to unite their two countries in a nucleus of a greater United States of West Africa, hoping to attract other West

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Report on Guinea



African countries in the course of time. This West African federation, or association of states, is dear to the heart of Dr. Nkrumah, and in return for his cooperation, Touré was able to go back to Conakry with the news that Ghana would lend Guinea \$28 million to assist with development.

In fact the Guinea-Ghana union has not yet taken concrete form, and there appears to be some contradiction in the outlook toward it between Conakry and Accra, the Ghanaian capital. Touré apparently envisages a much looser form of association than Dr. Nkrumah, who, it has been suggested, would like to see a close-knit merger modeled on that of Egypt and Syria in the United Arab Republic.

If there is some contradiction between the two, however, there is no doubt that Touré is just as intensely

interested in independence for Africans elsewhere on the continent, and in African unity, as is Dr. Nkrumah. But Touré is perhaps more interested in grouping about Guinea other African territories which are currently in the French Community but which he would like to see follow Guinea's lead in seeking sovereignty.

Certainly he is a ruthless politician who pursues his goal relentlessly. In Guinea itself his power is virtually absolute, and he has immobilized both tribal chiefs and political opposition. The legislature is a rubber stamp, and the real decisions are taken in the political bureau of party leaders which Touré heads.

Discussing new anticrime legislation, extremely harsh judged by Western standards, he has said: "If the people's interests were to require that one or two thousand persons should be killed, we would do it without hesitation in order to permit the masses to live in happiness, honor, and dignity." Furthermore, he has hinted at forced labor and suggested that if all other alternatives fail, Guinea may build the Konkouré Dam with its own African labor pat-

terned on Communist China's notorious people's communes.

Guinea's industrial potential

Konkouré is the project around which all of the government's hopes revolve. Already some companies and combines are exploiting Guinea's bauxite. Notable among these is FRIA, an international consortium at work on a \$150-million project. The American Olin Mathieson Chemical Corporation is contributing about 50 per cent of this, while other contributors are Pichiney Ugine (French), 26.5 per cent; British Aluminium Co. Ltd. (British), 10 per cent; Aluminium Industrie Aktiengesellschaft (Swiss), 10 per cent; and Vereinigte Aluminium Werke AG (German), 5 per cent.

With hydroelectric power from the projected Konkouré Dam, the Guineans envisage the establishment of a vast aluminum plant and the development of an industrialized society using cheap power from Konkouré.

Guinea also has extensive iron deposits, and thus its economic potential is considerable. For the moment, however, its economy is agricultural, and it will need extensive injections of foreign capital and technical know-how if this potential is to be realized.

Touré has made it clear that he is stalling on the Communist offer to aid with Konkouré and that he looks first to the Western world for help. He gives the impression that he is puzzled, and not a little hurt, by the relative absence of Western interest in Guinea to date, especially against a background of enthusiasm and intense activity by the Communists.

This, then, is the man with whom President Eisenhower must deal when the Guinea President makes his planned visit to Washington this month. And although Touré is the leader of only a small West African nation, his importance must not be underrated. Wooed by the Communists, he is a dynamic political figure whose influence is not contained within the borders of Guinea. His interest in the rest of French Africa remains keen, and Conakry might yet prove the pole of attraction for other French African republics which the new French Community cannot hold.

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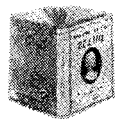
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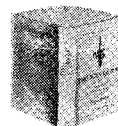
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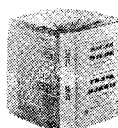


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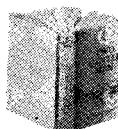
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PRESIDENT Kubitschek's determination to build Brazil a new capital and to move to it from Rio de Janeiro during his five-year term of office is about as good a symbol as any of this country in a hurry. Large sums of money are going into the construction of what is likely to be the world's most modern, most monumental, and perhaps best-planned city. Careful economists say that the country cannot afford such a huge expenditure during a dangerous inflationary period. But partisans of Brasilia, led by the President, maintain that a country of the size and wealth of Brazil cannot delay its development because of temporary financial difficulties.

Brasilia is not just a whim. Brazil's Constitution of 1946, like earlier ones, provides for the removal of the capital to the "central high plateau." The site chosen was determined four years ago with the advice of a firm of consultants from the United States, who looked for climate, water supply, availability of water power, and other features necessary for urban living but ignored existing communications and other conveniences of slower-developing communities. The new capital is in the state of Goias, six hundred miles north and inland from Rio de Janeiro, a hundred miles from any sizable population center, atop a 4000-foot plateau, with sparse brush and grassland characteristic of the surroundings.

Three years ago literally nothing man-made was to be found in the area of Brasilia; today an army of more than 20,000 workers and those needed to feed and service them live nearby, in what resembles a wild West town of the United States of the last century. Their sole occupation is laying out the streets and erecting the buildings of the new capital, planned for half a million inhabitants.

Congress has decreed that the official move will take place on April 21, 1960, and the President has announced that he will move on that day, even if with only part of the government. The visitor today — and all VIP's flown to Brasilia to have a look have come away vastly impressed — finds a first-rate hotel, a habitable but incomplete presi-

dential palace, and the skeletons of scores of ultra-modern buildings rising from Brasilia's red earth.

Opening up the west

The beginning of the opening up of the great Brazilian west is apparent from the roads under construction leading to the new capital. Except in the state of São Paulo, virtually no paved roads run inland in Brazil. Early construction in Brasilia had to be supplied largely by plane, and even cement was flown in. Roads are now rapidly being cut and paved to connect the new capital with Belo Horizonte and Rio de Janeiro, Santos and São Paulo on the south and east, with Belém at the mouth of the Amazon to the north, and Cuiabá to the west. Railway tracks are being laid to reach Brasilia from at least two directions.

In the move of the capital some observers see a psychological factor of considerable importance. They argue that Brazilian progress has been seriously retarded because Rio lies in a tropical playground, bordered by miles of the world's most beautiful beaches, a physical reality hardly designed to stimulate constructive effort.

Some of the objections to Brasilia come from Cariocas who do not want to see the capital moved from their beloved Rio, and from political opponents who can see no good in anything the President does. A considerable number of thinking men, while recognizing the long-term benefits, are genuinely worried about the immediate deleterious effects on the economy.

Brazil's expanding economy

Brazil's all-but-galloping inflation shows few signs of slowing down. The country is suffering from a serious financial squeeze because of the size of the deficit in the balance of international payments, but the problems are growing pains, arising from a fast-expanding economy.

Brazil's population of 64 million increases at the rate of 2.38 per hundred per year (the U.S. rate is 1.29). Vast fertile areas of the country lie fallow, yet Brazil has a hard time feeding itself because

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Report on Brazil

only a handful of Brazilians and immigrants have been willing to move back more than a hundred miles from the sea.

Activity along the seaboard has never been livelier. The industrial boom has not been noticeably slowed down, and the machines require growing amounts of petroleum, steel, and other imports which Brazil does not yet produce in sufficient quantities. Proceeds from the sale of coffee, the principal export, are insufficient to pay for the imports Brazil needs. Other exports have not yet increased sufficiently to make up the difference, nor is the gap likely to be closed under the government's present financial policies.

For more than three years now, the inflationary spiral has been rising at the rate of 2 per cent per month despite the government's heroic efforts to keep it within bounds. The minimum wage is held on one front, but prices also move up, and then wages have to move up. The Bank of Brazil tries to restrict credit on another front, but Brazil's producers, who need credit in order to expand, sometimes bring irresistible pressures on the government to ease up.

The fact that two years ago the Matarazzo interests alone, consisting of 230-odd industrial establishments in the state of São Paulo, used more electrical energy than the entire country of Peru, gives some idea of the size of this growing industrial plant. The Matarazzos represent traditional Brazilian industry (food processing, metallurgy, tin-can manufacturing, textiles), but a whole new complex of industries is growing up, including the already giant automobile industry. Mercedes-Benz has been manufacturing trucks for nearly two years; Willys' Jeep and Volkswagen are already producing. Ford's new truck plant was inaugurated in late 1958, and General Motors' Chevrolet plant was completed early in 1959.

Most of the plants are beginning with about 60 per cent of the final



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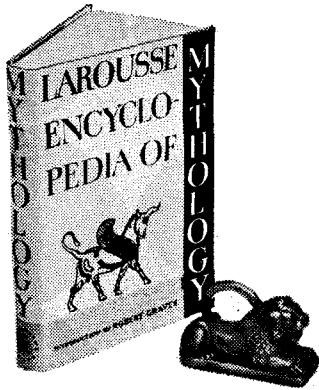
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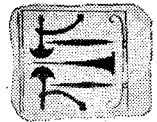
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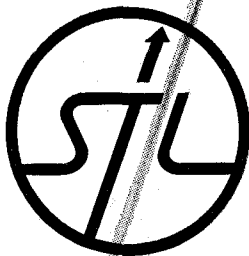
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Report on Brazil



product locally manufactured; within a few years schedules call for 90 to 95 per cent Brazilian manufacture. Over a thousand plants, many with new American and other foreign capital, are at work producing everything from valves to seat springs to crankshafts to meet the 90 per cent requirement. A billion dollars is said to have been invested in the industry to date.

The industrial plant is an insatiable giant that needs more and more capital to keep from starving. The retail trade also would nearly collapse without it. It is not unusual to see stores display merchandise with no identification of price other than the down and monthly payments. If you want to know what an item costs, you must ask.

The financial picture is undoubtedly gloomy, particularly as seen through bankers' eyes, but Brazilians who point warning fingers find it practically impossible to awaken interest. Some ascribe this to apathy or to a large faith, as symbolized by the answer Brazilians will sometimes give when discussing problems: All will work out in the end, because "God is Brazilian."

Political changes

The new Congress, which convened on March 15, is a reflection of the more stable political picture. The elections last fall renewed the entire Chamber of Deputies, a third of the Senate, and eleven of the governors of Brazil's twenty states. They were remarkable on a number of counts. The Social Democratic Party (PSD) — the administrative party — lost a few Senate seats and several key governorships, and its ally, the Brazilian Labor Party (PTB), gained a few seats in the Chamber and several key governorships, while the National Democratic Union (UDN), the principal opposition party, also gained, to make the three leading parties more equally matched.

The alliance between the PSD and the PTB continues to be a somewhat

uneasy one, since the former is in some respects even more conservative than the UDN. The marriage was one of convenience, and convenience may in the future dictate a change in alignments. The UDN, which before the elections harbored extremists who thought in terms of violence to reach power, now sees political control possible through peaceful means and is beginning to show a more statesmanlike approach to national problems. Thus the more stable political situation.

A long-held myth was exploded as a result of several key elections in the Federal District (Rio de Janeiro) and in the state of São Paulo. This was the dangerous belief, assiduously cultivated by the Communists and held by many political leaders, that Communist support is needed to win elections, despite the fact that the Communist Party has been illegal in Brazil since 1947. In the senatorial race in the Federal District, colorless but dependable Alfonso Arinos of the UDN easily defeated Lutero Vargas, who in addition to being the son of the late Getulio, still the idol of the Brazilian masses, had open Communist support. This support obviously did more harm than good.

The other encouraging aspect of the elections was the fact that many of the ultranationalists who had built their legislative reputations on anti-Americanism and ultranationalism were repudiated by their constituents.

Lines are already being drawn for the 1960 presidential race. The Administration party had a presidential hopeful in Amaral Peixoto, party president and for several years ambassador in Washington. His long absence from Brazil contributed to his defeat in his race for the Senate last October, which virtually eliminates him from the big try. It leaves the party with no real contender visible on the scene.

Apparently the least concerned of all the hopefuls is Janio Quadros, that enigmatic rabble-rouser who conducted a largely conservative administration in his four years as governor of Brazil's wealthiest state. Elected deputy from the state of Parana in the present Congress, Quadros asked immediately for six months' leave and set out on a trip

to the Far East, the Middle East, Europe, and the United States. As the leading candidate for the presidency, he is receiving red-carpet treatment in many of the countries he is visiting and excellent publicity in the Brazilian press.

Operation Pan America

On the international front, Brazil's energies are today divided between trying to make Operation Pan America a success and exploring the possibilities of expanding trade relations with the Soviet and neutralist blocs. Both attitudes reflect Brazil's economic difficulties.

Operation Pan America was launched by President Kubitschek shortly after the ill-starred visit of Vice President Nixon to Latin America, to help the United States in its moment of trial (Nixon did not visit Brazil). It is envisioned as a program to assist the development of Latin America, and thereby to remove differences which were straining political relations between the area and the United States. At the same time, it would combat the Communist economic and propaganda offensive. Judging by the numerous speeches being made by Brazil's highest officials, it would appear that the Administration is placing great store by OPA.

Negotiations for expanded commercial relations with the Communists and neutralists continue as a symbolic anchor to windward. There is talk about renewing diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union, but high Brazilian officials have let it be known that this will not happen until machinery to cope with the type of subversion which crops up around Soviet diplomatic or commercial representatives is adequate for the needs.

The appointment of John Moors Cabot as United States ambassador was enthusiastically welcomed by the professionals who best know the workings of the United States government. His competence and deep understanding of inter-American affairs (among a long list of his assignments in the area, he was assistant secretary of state for inter-American affairs in 1953-1954) assure a firm basis from which to improve relations between Brazil and the United States.

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LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Lady Chatterley

SIR:

Whenever I'm on the verge of deciding that the *Atlantic* is a pretty anemic publication, you publish something like Alfred Kazin's "Lady Chatterley in America" (July issue).

It is gratifying to know that there are still critics with the discernment, courage, and intensity of Alfred Kazin and magazines like the *Atlantic* to publish their work.

In D. H. Lawrence's own time the pious fools claimed he was an obscene writer. Today, critics not quite as pious but equally foolish claim that he is naïve. Alfred Kazin's article was the best and most honest article about Lawrence that I've read in years.

ALDEN A. NOWLAN
Hartland, New Brunswick, Canada

SIR:

What happened to Kazin? His Chatterley seems a journalistic lisp.

RUSSELL NEDCRAFT
New York City

SIR:

"Lady Chatterley in America" is the most wonderful review of a book I have ever read.

I was halfway through *Lady Chatterley's Lover* when my copy of the July *Atlantic* arrived. I had thought while reading that it was truly a beautiful love story, but it was not until after reading Mr. Kazin's article that I really knew the meaning of the story D. H. Lawrence was telling.

Should any friends wish to read my book, I shall insist that they read Mr. Kazin's article first. I suggest that our learned postmaster general

also read it. He may change his mind about what he called an obscene and filthy book.

MARY F. LETTS
Washington, D.C.

SIR:

The effect of such books as *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is dangerous because, unfortunately, the average reader of best sellers is not nearly so interested in quality as he is in the thrill value of the descriptive passages — especially on sex. Such a book reappears on the best-seller lists each time there is legal action over mailing privileges, and so forth.

In his article, Mr. Kazin takes exception to the views of so-called "moralists" that the book is pornographic and asserts that the author wished to portray the holiness of sex. Of course it is a holy thing; but is D. H. Lawrence qualified to teach on the subject, since his lovers are not even married?

ROSEMARIE E. FERGUSON
Detroit, Mich.

SIR:

Concerning Lady Chatterley and all good lovers everywhere, what in the world is Alfred Kazin complaining about? In the past year I was fired from my teaching position in a Maine high school for having assigned that terrible, immoral book, 1984, by George Orwell, to a group of sophomores for required reading. Fight on!

JOSEPH P. CLARK
Rangeley, Maine

SIR:

Alfred Kazin asserts that the aim of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was to make

people more tender and more loving in a society visibly corrupted by suspicion and distrust. We are also told that the lady's husband, Sir Clifford, had come back from the war paralyzed from the waist down. It started me wondering whether this unfortunate, who had suffered in his country's cause, had some right to tenderness also, or whether the reformation of a corrupt and distrustful society begins very loftily with the betrayal of the helpless.

GEOFFREY RIDDEHOUGH
Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada

SIR:

I should like to express appreciation for the illuminating and conclusive article on *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. Kazin did an excellent job in examining this notable book and the changed view toward it because of the inevitable rise in tolerance.

JOAN GLASSHEIM
New York City

SIR:

In the article, "The Causes Go, the Rebels Remain" (June *Atlantic*), Alfred Kazin made the statement that James Joyce was "on the Index." I assume from the context of the article that Mr. Kazin is referring to the Ecclesiastical Index of Forbidden Books published by the Catholic Church. I should like to point out Mr. Kazin's error. James Joyce is not listed in any edition of the Index.

LUCILLE A. WILLIAMS
Camp Hill, Penn.

Airplane design

SIR:

I must disagree with numerous statements made by Grover Loening

in "American Planes: The Lessons of History" (June *Atlantic*) and protest the biased opinions expressed by the author.

For more than two decades I have been a pilot. I have earned my bread and have successfully maintained a whole skin during the process largely because I am very particular about the type and design of aircraft that I fly.

I understand Mr. Loening's impatience concerning the tardy acceptance of new designs and innovations on the part of the pilot customer. Numerous design "bugs" occurring in the past have certainly caused disinterest on the part of the customer and resultant discouragement for the designer; particularly when the "bugs" bring sudden death to the customer.

The biplane continued to be popular with single-engine pilots even though they admired the beauty and efficiency of the low-winged monoplane. Why? Simply a matter of engine dependability. The upper wing on a biplane kept the pilot's face out of the mud, and prevented a broken neck, when a flip-over occurred on a winter-softened field after an engine failure. By the practice of self-preservation, the pilot customers have forced the aviation industry in this country to progress at a cautious and perhaps leisurely pace.

The airframe must be adequate for the engine, the airport must be capable of containing the aircraft, traffic control must be allowed time enough to adjust to faster traffic, and the general public must be conditioned for the new tempo if success is to continue. Overzealousness on the part of designers and builders has filled far too many graves.

WILLIAM R. HOEY
Wauna, Wash.

The executives' man

SIR:

I have worked in a large organization much like the one described by Alan Harrington in "The Executives' Man" (July and August *Atlantic*) and have seen examples of just

about everything he describes. He does know what he is talking about.

However, it might be better if he stuck to the jargon of his own profession. Schizophrenia is not the correct name for the neurosis of multiple personality which he attributes to the corporation. Split personality, or schizophrenia, is a psychosis characterized by a personality which is split, or separated, from reality. And a light-year is a unit of distance, not time. It is the distance traversed in one year by a light wave traveling at a velocity of approximately 186,000 miles per second, or about six million million miles.

ROBERT BROWN
Milan, Mich.

SIR:

"The Executives' Man" is an interesting and provocative article. Some truth in it—none of it is untruthful—but in my experience with four of our largest outfits, there is a lot more that should be said for a forward-looking corporation and its employees. I doubt that Alan Harrington in his Crystal Palace Corporation had many other experiences with vital, growing corporations.

BILL KYTE
Pasadena, Calif.

Chief Luthuli

SIR:

The uncertain freedom for Chief Luthuli that I wrote of at the end of my article ("Chief Luthuli," April *Atlantic*) ended abruptly, as I suggested it might, only a few weeks ago. At the end of May, Chief was served with another ban, a geographical ban again, that will confine him for five more years to the tiny reserve where his home is.

NADINE GORDIMER
Transvaal, South Africa

Correction

The July issue of the *Atlantic* erroneously described James Still as librarian at Berea College. He is librarian at Hindman Settlement School, Hindman, Kentucky.

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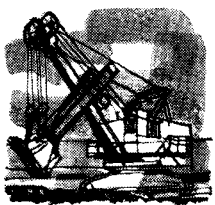
“WITH”

“CHANGE THE FOR TO A WITH,” said one of our board members, “and I’ll vote for it.” He was talking of a proposed new slogan—“In service for people”—adopted in its final form as “In service *with* people” in 1955 when



our company’s name was changed from Farm Bureau to Nationwide. The board member had a point—for the clue to Nationwide’s real character is not in the word *service* (what insurance company is *not* interested in service?) ...nor is the crucial word *people*. But when you try to describe how people experience this service...you realize that at Nationwide a different kind of relationship

does indeed exist between company and policyholder—and “service *for* people” is not quite accurate! Born of cooperative roots (an offshoot of the old Ohio Farm Bureau organization), Nationwide has always invited its policyholders to *share* in their company’s way of doing things. Even now, 33 years later, Nationwide policyholders meet with management to work out new ideas—to meet the challenges of our new era. And so it follows that Nationwide dollars work in creative ways developing new and improved insurance services—to encourage housing, to raise broadcasting standards, to widen health services, to assist



war torn countries, to reduce the cost of car and home financing...all designed to help people work out mature solutions to fundamental problems of their lives and times. Nationwide thus becomes a “workshop” where Americans create the tools for their own betterment. Fraternal instead of paternal, pitching-in rather than patronizing, searching not smug, related not remote, alive not aloof

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WILL NORFOLK'S SCHOOLS STAY OPEN?

BY FORREST P. WHITE, M.D.

When the city of Norfolk closed six of its white public schools to prevent seventeen Negroes from attending them, ten thousand white children were deprived of education for half a year. In the article which follows, Dr. FORREST P. WHITE tells what happened and why. The "massive resistance" policy, he points out, is just as surely compliance with the Supreme Court decisions as is integration; the real choice is between integrated schools and no schools at all. A native Virginian, educated in the South, Dr. White was the first treasurer and is now president of a citizens' group organized to get their children back in school.

FEBRUARY 2, 1959, was a day to remember in my city of Norfolk, Virginia. On that day six formerly all-white junior and senior high schools, closed since the previous summer, opened their doors to seventeen Negro students. As desegregation thus began amid the crumbling ruins of Virginia's "massive resistance" program, reporters and photographers from over fifty different newspapers and wire services were on hand to record the event. They had a rather dull day. The students arrived, went to school, went home again, and that was that.

It all looked simple, yet those of us who had worked for six months to get the schools opened could see how amazing it was, and how close it came to not happening. We face now an even bigger question, and a longer struggle: Will our schools stay open, and will they continue to be good schools?

Norfolk citizens have experienced the tragedy and futility of closed schools. Is it possible that they would permit them to be closed again, or undermined by insufficient funds? Unbelievable as it seems, there is ample evidence that they may. Norfolk City Council is pursuing appeal of a federal court order which prevented it from closing

all grades above the sixth. In March the council took such a hefty cut out of the school budget that some important school facilities will have to be eliminated. In April a council-sponsored bill was hurried through the state legislature to bring the school board — a supposedly independent body — under closer council control. No voice has been raised by Norfolk's leading citizens to protest any of these actions.

To understand this strange turn of affairs, it is necessary to review the events of the past year. During the summer of 1958 it became evident to those who had studied the problem that several Norfolk schools would not open. The majority of citizens dismissed this idea as "scare talk."

I joined an informal group which was quietly contacting respected and conservative citizens. We asked them to join us in forming an organization to work for preservation of the public schools. We did not propose to work either for integration or segregation, but for public schools.

Most of those we approached were sympathetic in general, but said they could not come forward publicly in such a cause at that particular time. Typical was the reaction of one well-known Norfolk figure who heads a large health foundation's

local chapter. "I'm with you a hundred per cent," he said. "However, you know my position. If I place myself in the forefront, it might harm my organization. Come back when you have your first hundred business leaders and I'll be glad to join."

The reasons of others were similar. Independent business leaders and small businessmen feared economic reprisals against their firms. Employed persons feared loss of job or prestige. City and state employees feared pressure from the political organization. Doctors, lawyers, and other professional people feared the effect on their practices. Ministers faced divided congregations. All local citizens feared subtle social pressures. Naval officers could take no prominent part. Perhaps most amazing of all, personnel of the large U.S. Public Health Service Hospital were quietly passed the word from Health, Education and Welfare headquarters in Washington that this was a "local affair" and that they should not take a public part.

Who was left? A small group of people, respectable but carrying no great weight in the community, who felt that the issue was so great and the demands so pressing that they must expose themselves to the risks involved. We organized the Norfolk Committee for Public Schools, dedicated to "every legal and honorable means" of keeping schools open. Many of the community leaders we talked to had urged us to wait before making a public move. Some indicated that they might help us later, but they felt that the time was "not right."

Did these leaders later come forward when schools actually closed? When the school board urged that they be opened in spite of minimum integration? When the city council declared that an emergency existed and asked Governor Almond to open these schools segregated? When the governor replied that he was unable to open them segregated? Their silence was profound. No bank president, only one owner of a large business, no person ever elected First Citizen of Norfolk, no former director of the United Community Fund, no past president of a hospital board of directors, only one person outstanding in city government — in short, almost no one of real prominence declared himself openly as favoring public schools under the only conditions in which they could be maintained: with such integration as the federal courts ordered.

WHAT was the nature of the opposition that cowed the prominent into silence? The organized opposition came — and still comes — from a group named the Defenders of State Sovereignty

and Individual Liberty. This is no White Citizens Council, no hood-wearing organization. It tries to be respectable and respected. When one of its members was found to be distributing "hate sheet" literature, the local chapter of Defenders passed a resolution condemning such actions. A typical speech by a Defender will begin, "I consider no man a greater friend of the Negro race than myself, but . . ."

The "buts" fall into two categories. First is the argument that the Supreme Court has made an "unconstitutional" decision, politically inspired under pressure from the NAACP, constituting an invasion of states' rights and personal freedom and substituting "judicial legislation" for legal processes of constitutional change. Since thirty-six chief justices of the forty-eight state supreme courts had joined in a resolution censuring recent Supreme Court trends, we have found we cannot directly counter these anti-Supreme-Court arguments. Many members of our Norfolk Committee for Public Schools find in them some validity. What we are still trying to make people realize is that "massive resistance" policies do not defy the court, they merely consist of one of the two methods of obeying it. Closing schools is just as much compliance as is opening them with integration, and we consider the latter much less destructive for the South.

The second main category of the Defenders' argument is that segregation is the only right and natural way of life ordained by God and nature, while integration is bad for both white and colored races and will lead to mass intermarriage. This, so the reasoning goes, is all part of a Communist plot to weaken America by "mongrelization of the races." ("Amalgamation" is the word now used by the more fastidious of the Defenders.) The arguments range from open fear and distrust of the Negro to the very best of Southern paternalism: "The Negroes don't know what's best for their own race. We've always had to look after them and we will now, in spite of what the NAACP and other radical Northern groups have brainwashed them into thinking they want."

On these two basic arguments the Defenders ring a thousand changes. Some of them awaken echoes in every Southern heart. Like Americans elsewhere, Southerners tend to take liberty for granted and equate liberty with being able to do as they please without coercion to do otherwise. Since the idea has been thoroughly sold that the Supreme Court is forcing the will of "nine politicians" on an unwilling region, it has brought forth a bitter resentment and stubborn determination unmatched in America since the Dred Scott decision. Add to this the racial purity theme, which rings its echoes from such dim recesses of

the mind as harbor the childish fear of the bogeyman, plus every person's need to find a scapegoat for his own shortcomings. The sum of all this is a tremendous emotional appeal for the anti-integration position.

When schools actually closed, the Defenders were ready with the Tidewater Educational Foundation, a nonprofit organization which was supposed to have classes in churches and other buildings throughout the city. Directors of the TEF appeared before the assembled teachers from the closed schools, explained the program, and asked the teachers to teach for them. Tables were set up with registrars ready to sign them up after the meeting. The teachers slowly filed out past the tables. Only one stopped to sign!

Did this mean that the teachers desired integration? It emphatically did not. It simply meant that the teachers stood for public education. They would not associate, even in an emergency, with an organization which pretended that adequate schooling could be given under private auspices and which avowedly hoped to replace public schools. Various tutoring groups were then set up on a temporary basis by parents, and the city settled down for a long and restless stalemate.

It soon became evident that the school board and the city council disagreed on the issue. Every member of both groups preferred segregation, and the school board had done everything legally possible to avoid assigning the seventeen Negroes to white schools. The board then took the position that schools must be reopened, even though some integration was inevitable. The council, on the other hand, determined to resist racial mixing to the bitter end.

Under massive resistance laws, the council and school board could jointly petition the governor to return the schools to their control. They could then open them desegregated without state funds. In October the school board went to the council and requested that they join in such a petition. Word leaked that the board would make the request, so the council reversed its usual agenda and quickly voted to hold an "informational referendum." It then heard the board's request and replied that nothing could be done until the referendum was held.

The referendum question was whether or not the council should petition the governor to return the schools. Tied to it was the provision, to be printed on the ballot "for information only," that parents of *all* children in public school might then have to pay substantial tuition to keep their children in school.

Now that the issue was coming before the public in such a distorted fashion, did the civic and business leaders finally speak out? They did not!

On November 18 the referendum was held, and the petition idea was rejected by a three-to-two margin. Only 22,000 people in this city of 300,000 voted, attesting both to the smallness of the electorate and to the confusion in people's minds. All except one of the many PTA's that had voted on pro-public school resolutions had passed them by big majorities, but the median age of registered voters in Norfolk is over fifty. Thus those who were most vitally affected were powerless at the polls.

EVEN before our committee officially organized, there had been talk of legal action to force the opening of schools. This action was delayed, however, because the state government in September had arranged a "friendly suit" to test the legality of the massive resistance laws under the state constitution. The Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals was to hear the case on November 24. As the weeks rolled by and the political leaders refused to budge from their massive resistance position, we decided that the issue should also be tested in federal court, without waiting for the state court's decision. We could not sue as a group, but many individuals who wished to take legal action had contacted us. Now we suggested that they go ahead with litigation and informed them that the members of the Norfolk Committee for Public Schools would undertake to pay for it.

Here was an absolutely new wrinkle in school litigation. Up to this point, all suits in the integration controversy throughout the South had been brought in behalf of Negro plaintiffs. It was inevitable that the NAACP would soon enter suit to prove what *James vs. Almond* was expected to prove: that if a state is to have public schools, they must be available to all on an equal basis. Why bother with a suit by white litigants, if the NAACP would do the job anyway? Responsible persons felt that since all but seventeen of the ten thousand locked out of school were white students, the litigation should be in their behalf. The reaction to the eventual decision would be better throughout the state under these circumstances.

James vs. Almond was heard by a three-judge federal court on November 19. Five days later the Virginia Supreme Court heard the state's friendly case. An uneasy quiet then prevailed as word of the decisions was awaited.

The city council was not entirely idle, however. Late in November, in passing the budget for 1959, they made funds available to the school board on a month-to-month basis. This was obviously a threat to close Negro schools, a move which Governor Almond had rejected at the state level as "recriminative."

Opinion about Norfolk throughout the remainder of the state underwent a change during this period. It has often been said in the past that Norfolk is "not Virginian," that it is run by a bunch of outsiders who are not interested in Virginia traditions and who are "soft on integration."

Such statements were usually made by politicians from Southside Virginia, the area of high-percentage Negro population and the stronghold of die-hard segregationism. It was these politicians who had rammed the massive resistance statutes through the legislature. They had threatened dire reprisals if Norfolk did not hold the line against integration. After the referendum vote and the council's get-tough policy, this belligerent attitude softened.

Weeks went by with no word from either court. Finally, at the turn of the year, both courts announced that they would render their decisions on January 19. On January 13, the city council by a six-to-one margin voted not to appropriate funds for any grades above the sixth for February and the succeeding months. That blew the lid off. Thousands more white and Negro students were to be locked out of school. Within forty-eight hours a new suit was filed in federal court with eighty-nine white litigants challenging this action. The suit was scheduled to be heard January 26.

On January 19 the long-awaited decisions came, and both state and federal courts demolished the massive resistance laws. Massive resistance as state policy still stood, however, and the next night Governor Almond made a highly emotional, violently segregationist radio and TV speech to the people, vowing that he had only begun to fight.

MEANWHILE, the business leaders of Norfolk, finally aroused by the council's latest action and encouraged by the lone dissenting vote of councilman Roy Martin, came out with a well-publicized statement that public schools were essential to the economic life of Norfolk. It was signed by a hundred citizens, including almost all of the leaders we had been trying for months to get to take some action. It was almost too late, but they had finally spoken.

Next day, on January 26, federal district judge Walter Hoffman heard the case against the council's "little massive resistance" move and twenty-four hours later issued a sweeping injunction to prevent the council from closing any schools.

Norfolk schools then stood scheduled to reopen integrated on February 2, but there was a final stumbling block in a special session of the state legislature called for January 28. New and disas-

trous delaying tactics were expected, for the Southside was adamant against racial mixing, and the Southside controlled the legislature.

This was the situation when Governor Almond addressed the convening joint session at 1 P.M., January 28. Expecting further plans of defiance, the lawmakers were stunned to hear the governor admit that he had no weapons left to prevent integration in Virginia. In bitter but realistic tones, he stated that in a direct conflict between state and federal government the federal power was bound to overcome the state's right and authority. The Southside cried "traitor" and threw in a whole hopperful of bills to block reopening of schools. None of them passed. Control of the legislature had passed to the governor, and there it remained, by a razor-thin margin, through another emergency session in April.

No single key unlocked the door to Norfolk's schools. In retrospect, certain things had to happen which seemed disastrous at the time. It was necessary, I believe, for the federal suit to be filed by white people; the reaction against another NAACP suit might have tipped the balance toward further defiance. Norfolk's referendum vote and the council's stringent anti-integration measures were probably essential in preventing a successful "stop-Norfolk" move by the Southside. On the other hand, without the courageous stand of the school board and the teachers, Norfolk might have found itself with only a disintegrating secondary school system to return to. Before the governor dared make his dramatic shift to public schools, he had to be sure that the large body of Norfolk citizens would accept it peaceably. The demonstrations of size and strength of the Norfolk Committee for Public Schools, the attitude of Norfolk legislators, the work of local ministers, and finally the statement of the hundred business leaders convinced him that this was so. To be successful in his policy switch, it was essential for Governor Almond to have followed massive resistance down to a final resounding defeat, and the defeat had to occur in both state and federal courts. Finally, it was probably necessary for schools to be closed long enough for students to want to return and for the entire community to feel the economic noose begin to tighten. All people of Norfolk except the most bitter segregationists were anxious that school reopening should be peaceful. No attempt at creating a disturbance would have been tolerated, and none was made.

Schools are open now, and complacency reigns again. People refuse to believe that the council really plans to undermine the public schools, in spite of its budget cut and other policies. The latest example was appointment to the school board on June 30 of the former president of the

segregationist Tidewater Educational Foundation.

On July 14 the Democratic primary election for the state legislature was held. Ardent segregationists attempted to replace many moderate legislators. Over the state as a whole, the vote failed to show a clear preference between moderates and massive resisters. However, a slight overall increase in strength for Governor Almond's realistic approach apparently resulted. Norfolk voters gave their first clear-cut indication of a strong desire for public schools and a grudging acceptance of some integration as inevitable. All six moderate incumbents were re-elected. For two vacant seats in the lower house, the predominantly white precincts split their votes among three massive resisters, two liberal moderates, and two who attempted to get support from both sides. With the unsolicited help of the Negro vote, the two most liberal candidates were easily elected.

WHAT is the basis for Norfolk's seemingly suicidal trend of events, for the complacency of the city that suffered with the "Lost Class of '59"? The ghosts of massive resistance die hard. People seem to have the idea that if public schools are weakened, private schools will spring up to take over the job of education. Surplus public school buildings will be sold to private corporations, and all the "nice" children will attend these segregated schools supported by state tuition grants.

It may take more years of litigation to dispel the tuition grant idea, but the final answer is already written for all who are not too blind to see it: what the state is forbidden by the federal Constitution to do directly, it cannot do indirectly. Just as the state's whole public education system almost foundered on the refusal to admit a few Negroes to white schools, so will the entire tuition grant system inevitably founder when a federal judge finds that a Negro child has been barred for reasons of race from a private school where children are receiving any kind of tax-supported aid. Recognizing this fact, most of the established private schools of Norfolk have already refused to certify their pupils for purposes of state tuition grants.

Still, the private school illusion persists. It has snob appeal, and it postpones the facing of the ultimate issue: either to allow such integration as the federal courts order or to abandon tax-supported education altogether. The great fear of those of us who continue to work for public schools is that this issue will be postponed too long. Then, when the final legal denouement comes, we will find both public and private schools so weakened

that the education of all our children will suffer. This will happen, I am convinced, unless the true leaders of the community speak out. They must force the people and the politicians to face the issue squarely before it is too late. They came out once in Norfolk, spoke briefly, and disappeared again. Now they must come out, stay out, and grapple with the problem on its own terms.

If non-Southerners can understand the difficulties and complexities that face us in Norfolk, they may be able to make more realistic decisions about what to expect of the South. The Supreme Court decision gives the pro-integration forces the responsibility of using such a powerful weapon with wisdom and caution. In spite of many advantages and the absence of physical violence, we have only partially succeeded in stemming the anti-public-school tide in Norfolk. That tide could not be stemmed at all in many areas of the South.

From my activities as treasurer and later as president of the Norfolk Committee for Public Schools, I believe I can qualify as a working Southern moderate. A moderate in the South today is not one who works for school integration. Rather he is a person who works for reason and sanity and racial peace, no matter what his personal feelings are about the wisdom or legality of integration. Speaking as such a moderate, I would say to the non-South: "Don't expect too much of us. Our situation is precarious, and the forces ranged against moderation are great. Please don't unwittingly aid those forces. With your help and patience, we will continue to work, within the framework of the law, for the best possible public schools for all children of the South."

The South must learn, as Norfolk has learned, that the Supreme Court interpretation of federal law cannot be disobeyed. The business and civic leaders of the South must learn, as ours in Norfolk have only partially learned, that they cannot avoid the issue. To do so invites civic disaster. Although the decision may be a bitter one for many, they must stand firm for a logical and realistic approach to the dilemma. Failure to do so creates a vacuum which is soon filled by the emotional appeals of the bitter-end segregationists.

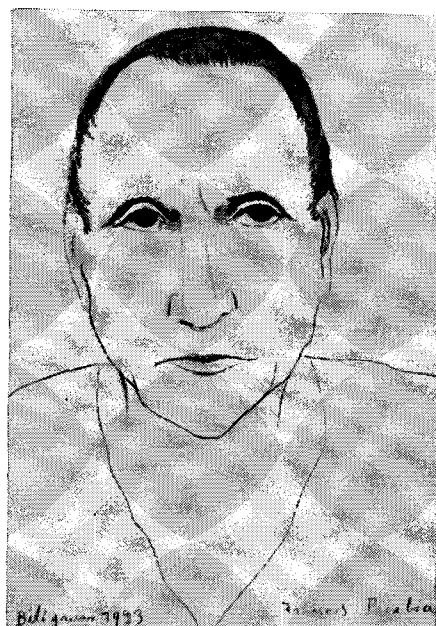
The price of leadership is dear, for to speak out against the prevailing emotional tide is to invite reprisals, from the cold snubs of old acquaintances to threats of physical violence. Yet those who lead in the other aspects of community life cannot avoid the responsibility of leading in this, the most important issue of our generation. This is true not only in Norfolk, but throughout Virginia and the entire South. The nation can only wait to see if the South's true leaders accept the challenge of this responsibility.

GERTRUDE

STEIN

IN PARIS

BY JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN



THE great disparity between the fame of Gertrude Stein as one of the giants of modern literature and the inconsequential number of her published works made up a paradox that outraged her sense of justice and subdued her hopes for lasting consideration through all of the early and middle years of her professional life. Popular reviewers kept her name prominent in the columns of American newspapers, and sometimes even spoke of her with respect instead of quoting her sentences for easy laughs. She was talked about, listened to, made into a legend. But for many reasons she was not read, and the most important of these was simply that she was not published. Her despair at this neglect brought her at times to a poignancy of expression which normally would be the last thing one might expect from her. "Sometimes I think it would be nice," she said, "to sell type-written copies of me in a store but I don't know of a store."

While her manuscripts were always readily available, the "adventurous publisher" for whom she had long waited failed to show. Carefully bound, the completed works of more than twenty creative years stood in proud isolation upon the shelves of a Spanish armoire. Meantime, Gertrude and her friends made plans, cooked up schemes, and tried angles, enlisting aid from any quarter that might lead to the ransom and rescue of the well-dusted but long-neglected manuscripts.

In 1920, John Lane had reprinted *Three Lives*

Poet, teacher, editor, and literary critic, JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and educated at the University of Michigan and at Harvard. His most recent book, DYLAN THOMAS IN AMERICA, was published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint in 1955. This is the first of two excerpts from his new book, THE THIRD ROSE, a full-scale biography of Gertrude Stein, her life, her writings, her associates, and the cultural movements of which she was a part.

in England, and its modest second-round success had whetted Gertrude's appetite for more. From New York a friend sent advice that echoed the feelings of a hard core of devotees and a few critics: "Last spring I dined with Walter Arensberg & Duchamp and we talked of a new book of your things and the best way to put it over etc. My opinion was that you ought to print it privately at your own expense and once a thousand volumes were printed they could be sold somehow. I think in the end it would pay for itself. You see you are handicapped by writing in a language that is behind in the arts. *There is a public for you but no publisher.*"

When Robert McAlmon, the young director of Contact Editions and husband of the wealthy English writer Bryher, came within striking distance, Gertrude issued an invitation to tea. But the occasion was only partly social; Gertrude had business in mind. During the course of talk she suggested that McAlmon publish *The Making of Americans* in a series of four to six volumes over a

period of two years. He responded to the notion that her book might be suitable on the list of his Contact Editions but felt that since the work was all of a piece and offered no obvious divisions for serial presentation, it had better be published as a single volume. Gertrude quickly sanctioned this improvement on her own scheme and promised McAlmon that she would see to it that at least fifty friends bought advance copies. The manuscript was shortly on its way to the press of Maurice Darantière in Dijon, a firm which had already served the cause of modernism by printing James Joyce's *Ulysses*.

The printing job, as might be expected, was a nightmare for the French compositors. Countless repetitions, minute inversions, infinitesimal variations, all the characteristic tricks and turns of the early Stein were quite beyond them. When proofs came back, Gertrude and her companion, Alice Toklas, were faced with a job that brought them to the edge of despair and blindness.

Rereading the book for the first time since she had written it, Gertrude found the experience a mixed pleasure. She was greatly worried that people might think some of the book's unorthodox use of tenses, persons, adjectives, and divisions was not to be taken as written but that they would be ascribed to the whimsies of typesetters. "Though it does seem a bit profound to my twenty year older eyes," she admitted, she was on the whole eminently satisfied with the literary merit of the manuscript as it stood. She toyed with the idea of making certain minor revisions but always found herself reverting to the original way of putting things. In her personal judgment, the long-buried work had assumed the solidity of a classic. "There are some pretty wonderful sentences in it," she wrote to Sherwood Anderson, "and we know how fond we both are of sentences."

The Making of Americans, more than nine hundred literally transparent and almost unreadable pages, paper-bound, was published finally in September, 1925, but not before Gertrude's forwardness had cost her the friendship of the man who published it. In McAlmon's absence from France she had taken it upon herself, against his instructions, to order delivery of the printed volumes from M. Darantière for immediate shipment to New York. When McAlmon discovered this unwarranted intervention, he was angry — not without reason, Gertrude conceded — and wrote to her detailing other matters he regarded as breaches of their understanding. He felt that Gertrude had done nothing herself to promote distribution of the book, noting that "no evidence of any order [has] come in through your offices except from your immediate family." He concluded his letter with accusations and a threat:

"Incidentally, you have never been financially incapable of putting your book before the public if *your* art is of prime importance for you. If you wish the books retained, you may bid for them. Otherwise, by September — one year after publication — I shall simply rid myself of them en-masse, by the pulping proposition."

McAlmon's threat was never carried out, but his personal relations with her had come to an end. Friendship or no, *The Making of Americans*, the cornerstone in a career dedicated to unorthodoxy on the largest scale ever entertained by a serious writer, was at last available to anyone who cared to buy.

In the wide net of literary, romantic, or bar-stool relationships that self-exiled Americans and Englishmen had cast over artist-quarter Paris and its Spanish, Italian, and Riviera suburbs, Robert McAlmon was a ubiquitous figure. His own work as a writer came to nothing much, but his services as the publisher of Contact Editions and the Three Mountains Press were of enormous value. Besides Gertrude Stein, authors whose work he brought out in editions which for the most part are rare items today included Ernest Hemingway, Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, H.D., Djuna Barnes, and the painter Marsden Hartley, whose *Twenty-five Poems* appeared in 1923. Although the expatriate period tends, today, to be notable mainly for the great fame of a very few writers and painters, it was a period that beautifully accommodated scores of marginal artists like McAlmon and hundreds of brilliant failures whose ambitions could be kept alive in vicarious enjoyment of the success of those who had come through.

ALTHOUGH Gertrude's literary success was still but thinly substantiated by published works, her social success as a leading figure in the expatriate world was radiant and beyond question. "On sunny mornings," recalled the social-historian Lloyd Morris, "when the streets of the Right Bank were full of people, a hallucination would sometimes overtake you. From around a corner there appeared the vision of a great Buddha on wheels, erratically charging down the thoroughfare, divinely indifferent to the fate of mortal traffic, heedless of laughter or imprecations. The sudden vision was all too real; it was merely Miss Gertrude Stein single-mindedly bound upon some practical errand in her model-T Ford. . . . Miss Stein was massive, monumental, majestic; she had the grandeur of a major scenic phenomenon. . . . A summons to her home was an invitation to present oneself to Mont Blanc."

Through the early and middle twenties, No. 27 Rue de Fleurus had assumed the aspect of something between a court and a shrine. Proximity to the throne, where Gertrude sat with legs crossed, one sandal dangling from her big toe, was much to be desired by the young men who curried royal favor. There was, in the course of time, always one among them who, unofficially yet with authority, served as major-domo to the royal establishment, while all about him jockeyings for position went on. In the background, over the noise of the teacups, one could hear the sound of rolling heads, the rumble of dead reputations being carted away.

Not the least noticeable thing about the salon was the way its *dramatis personae* changed from month to month, week to week. Both Gertrude and Alice preferred variety in their relationships, and Alice often blithely quoted the jingle, "Give me new faces, new faces, new faces. I have seen the old ones." Gertrude had said for years that she liked to see people come but, just as much, she liked to see them go. As a shrine, the atelier was already historical and impressively decked with propitiatory gifts. A patina of fame had settled on the paintings, and the brushings of thousands of pilgrims had mellowed and polished the heavy furniture. Those who did not know and perhaps would not have cared about the nice hierarchical divisions in Gertrude's retinue came to her door as sober and interested as they would come to Sainte Chapelle or Les Invalides. In search of "all that Paris had to offer," they regarded a visit to "27" as a visit to an academy where examples of almost every phase of modern painting could be studied at leisure and discussed with one who had been among its earliest champions.

Whatever the social climate, the paintings remained the focal point of interest around which the deeper life of the salon revolved. Gertrude was continually rearranging the works, featuring new ones, or attempting to revive interest in an old one by placing it in a position of prominence. She also had her own *salon des refusés*, a small room into which were dispatched paintings she had acquired as white-elephant gifts, or had bought by mistake, or in which she had finally lost interest. "I never know when or why a picture suddenly becomes beautiful and loses its quality of irritation," she said. "There was a time when I had to cover that Cézanne portrait with a glass for no one would believe that it was finished; it irritated everyone and even angered some. Without liking it, I had recognized its quality, and then one day — as one turns over in sleep — it became beautiful and I could not see it in the way I had seen it before." Because of this lively changing attitude, there was always some new point of

interest in the salon, which so easily might have taken on the dead air of a museum.

While her great collection of paintings gave Gertrude's salon a specific luster, a number of people, painters among them, felt that she actually knew little about painting and that her taste was, at best, whimsical. Even an intimate like the painter Harry Phelan Gibb, her closest English friend, was disturbed on one occasion by a most unexpected reaction from Gertrude. Gibb had sent her one of his works, on the back of which was a sketch of the sort he turned out for calendars and greeting cards as a way of making a living. To his astonishment, Gertrude altogether dismissed the gift painting but said she thought the sketch was very fine. Gibb wrote: "I don't know what to make of it. The sketch you give praise to was one of my worst pot-boilers too bad to sell at any price. I therefore used the back and painted the other one. I thought it had something in it though I knew it did not hold together yet I thought I had got just that something out of the commonplace. Then I thought it might amuse you. It never occurred to me you would look at the one on the back. However you have looked at it. You have said what you think and I am left perplexed."

Since both she and her brother had made so much of their pictures — he in his salon lectures and later in his writings, she in her literary transcriptions of cubism — many observers came to regard them mainly as theorists, lacking in any real feeling for visual art, whose pictures were merely pegs on which they could hang hypotheses. Their critics, granting that the Steins had taken up Picasso and Matisse in the very earliest days of their collection, pointed to their later divergent interests, which led Leo away from nearly all contact with modern art and led Gertrude to give support to artists whose lack of talent was an open scandal. In this view, their connection with Picasso and Matisse seemed a matter of chance; except for the useful notoriety it brought, almost any other association might have served as well.

Many people felt that, even as she sat as proprietor in the midst of her collection, Gertrude could not wholly disguise the fact that she was more interested in the individuals who had contributed works to it than she was in the paintings themselves. Her concern, they believed, was with personalities and public success rather than with actual achievement. They noticed often that she tended to rate a new painter's promise in terms of his resistance to her. An indifferent newcomer was met with indifference, and when he was shown to the door his work was banished with him.

Throughout her life, Gertrude showed very little interest in the work of artists she did not

know, unless they were dead and comfortably separated from her by at least a generation. There was no distant idol in her life at any time, no one beyond her immediate circle toward whom she looked with respect and admiration, unless it were someone as remote from the world of art and as thoroughly dead as Ulysses S. Grant. She had come to be satisfied with self-adulation, knowing, as she said, that in her time she was the only one. Her affection for others was reserved for those whom she could appropriate. Whether or not the world agreed, Picasso was the only painter, Sherwood Anderson was *the* great American writer, and Virgil Thomson was the greatest living master of prosody.

Yet Gertrude's prestige as an arbiter of painting was not to be dismissed. Her early identification with the career of Picasso had given her the aura of a prophetess, which, in a business way, some dealers were eager to exploit, and her appearance at the opening of a new exhibition was considered the first augury of its success. Her entrance was awaited always, and was unfailingly dramatic; she kept up a running stream of chatter as she moved at will through the gallery and was never without an audience. Holding forth in the center of a hundred paintings, she blessed this work with her popish hands and damned that with a glance of indifference. When the editors of a magazine sent her a questionnaire in which was the question, "What is your attitude toward art today?" Gertrude dismissed all pretension. "I like to look at it" was her whole answer.

IN HER OWN preserve, perpetually attended by her dark guardian angel with the long earrings, her apparent remoteness caused many people to feel that they might at any moment catch fire from the sacred flame. Something timeless about her was alternately repellent and attractive. Most of the visitors succumbed to her charm, and many who remained inarticulate about her work easily found words to describe her fascination.

When William Carlos Williams, the American poet and physician, came with Robert McAlmon to see her, she gave him tea, then one by one showed him her great collection of unpublished works and asked him what he would do if he were in a similar position. "It must have been that I was in one of my more candid moods," Dr. Williams wrote in his *Autobiography*, "or that the cynical opinion of Pound and others of my friends about Miss Stein's work was uppermost in my mind, for my reply was, 'If they were mine, having so many, I would probably select what I thought were the best and throw the rest into the fire.'"

There was a shocked silence. Then, as McAlmon recalled, Gertrude became vehement. "No, oh no, no, no," she said, "that isn't possible. You would not find a painter destroying any of his sketches. A writer's writing is too much of the writer's being; his flesh child. You may, but of course, writing is not your *metier*, Doctor."

"But Doctor Stein," said Williams, "are you sure that writing is your *metier*? I solve the economies of life through the profession of doctoring, but from the first my will was toward writing. I hope it pleases you, but things that children write have seemed to me so Gertrude Steinish in their repetitions. Your quality is that of being slowly and innocently first recognizing sensations and experience."

This was too much; the door of the atelier had already closed silently on William Carlos Williams. "I could not see him after that," Gertrude said. "I told the maid I was not in if he came again. There is too much bombast in him."

But the contretemps did not change Dr. Williams' deep appreciation of what Gertrude Stein was doing in the way of pioneering new American paths into the overgrown forests of a literature moldy with imitative leaves from the pages of Spenser and Wordsworth and Tennyson. "Having taken the words of her choice," he wrote, "to emphasize further what she has in mind she has completely unlinked them from their former relationships to the sentence. This was absolutely essential and inescapable. Each under the new arrangement has a quality of its own, but not conjoined to carry the burden of science, philosophy, and every higgledy-piggledy figment law and order have been laying upon them in the past. They are like a crowd at Coney Island, let us say, seen from an airplane. . . . She has placed writing on a plane where it may deal unhampered with its own affairs, unburdened with scientific and philosophic lumber."

In her own mind, Gertrude was both the Parisian figure and the foursquare American that she wanted to be. "For one thing, for all of the time I've been in France," she said, "I have never been called an expatriate and that is the thing I am proud of. I proved you could be a good American anywhere in the world."

Subterranean currents might be coursing through an evening's assemblage of personalities, but the overall tone of the salon was one of a strict and formal politeness. Gertrude would seldom tolerate eccentric behavior in anyone but herself and was quick to cut those whose manner was odd, or presumptuous, or snide. But boorishness was never the only reason for a snub. Dullness and conventionality were just as vulnerable. She preferred, by all odds, the interesting fake to the

distinguished "good" character, and the regulars at "27" included figures of every conceivable artistic type and temperamental persuasion except plodding earnestness.

KATHERINE ANNE PORTER, then living in Paris, was harsh in assessing the pretensions of the salon and its fledglings. "Miss Stein herself sat there in full possession of herself, the scene, the spectators," wrote Miss Porter in *The Days Before*, ". . . wearing thick no-colored shapeless woolen clothes and honest woolen stockings knitted for her by Miss Toklas, looking extremely like a handsome old Jewish patriarch who had backslid and shaved off his beard." Among the late-comers trying to elbow their way into the lost generation were some who, according to Miss Porter, "announced that they wished their writings to be as free from literature as if they had never read a book, as indeed too many of them had not up to the time. . . . A few of them were really lost, and disappeared, but others had just painted themselves into a very crowded corner."

Those who were already enjoying Gertrude's favor were apt to view her coterie attachments in quite a different light. "She was supposed to exert a deleterious influence on the young," wrote Harold Acton, "but as far as I could see she solved their problems with rare sympathy and common sense. I considered her an excellent critic. To me she gave sound advice, though I was neither a disciple or an imitator. I showed her my latest poems and . . . a fable in prose which I had just finished, and she saw in them what she was looking for: the rhythmical connexion between my writings and my personality."

The regulars cherished their sense of coterie, yet the group was continually riddled with dissension. To have paid respects to Gertrude and to have sat with Alice were to have been admitted into the charmed circle of those whose pretenses, at least, were interesting and fashionable and to have received the benediction which, a short time past, had been famously granted to Picasso and Matisse, to Anderson and Hemingway. Virgil Thomson was perhaps the most genuinely distinguished among them. He did not at once get along very well with Alice, but he found himself in Gertrude's good grace simply for having chosen to put certain of her works to music. Thomson had for years been one of her admirers, and his understanding of what she was up to was based on firsthand knowledge of her writing. But he was no sycophant, and his objective sense of Gertrude's personality was as clear as the affection in which he held her for many years. "She expected to

be granted the freedom of a man," he observed, "without allowing anyone to sacrifice the respect due her as a woman." Whereas there was nearly always some elusive note of patronizing in Gertrude's clucking attendance upon her mixed brood, this did not extend to Virgil Thomson. She seemed to have recognized his brilliance as a critic and his self-assurance as a composer from the very beginning of their relationship and to have accepted him as an equal.

While T. S. Eliot had attained in these years a solid but somewhat austere and limited reputation, his stature was already outlined clearly enough to indicate the great range of his ultimate influence. Within the walls of "27," his name had first been mentioned by Ezra Pound. Through a mutual friend of Gertrude's and Eliot's, Lady Rothermere, who was financing the publication of the *Criterion*, which was edited by the poet, an evening was arranged at which Miss Stein and Mr. Eliot were to become acquainted. Gertrude professed to be but halfhearted in the prospect, but Alice and others told her that this was one young man she should not miss knowing. Alice was putting finishing touches on a new evening dress that Gertrude was going to wear for the occasion when, unexpectedly, Lady Rothermere and Eliot, along with Jane Heap, the editor of the *Little Review*, arrived at the Rue de Fleurus.

Alice remembered Eliot as "a sober, almost solemn, not so young man who, refusing to give up his umbrella, sat clasping its handle while his eyes burned brightly in a non-committal face." With Gertrude he had a sober conversation about split infinitives and other grammatical solecisms, and her knack of bringing them into her work. Eliot suggested that he would be pleased to have her give him something for publication in an early issue of the *Criterion*. But, he insisted, what he wanted was her very latest thing. As soon as he and his companions had departed, Gertrude sat down and wrote a portrait of Eliot which, since his visit had been made on November 15, she entitled "The Fifteenth of November." Eliot accepted this piece but, in spite of his insistence on the freshness of what he might publish, its appearance was repeatedly delayed for nearly two years.

The Eliot portrait was merely one in a series of such works in a now familiar method. However, since it was published in an organ as highly regarded as the *Criterion*, the portrait served to buttress Gertrude's rapidly solidifying reputation as underminer of traditions and menace to the academies. The pen of Henry Seidel Canby registered tremors that were beginning to shake the world of established literature, in the center of which, like an ivy-covered Kremlin, stood Harvard University. "If this is literature," wrote Canby, "or

anything other than stupidity worse than madness, then has all criticism since the beginning of letters been mere idle theorizing. If it is literature, then alas! for literature. Thank Heaven, that there are still Professor Lowes and Harvards to conserve tradition and guide taste, and to make the world unsafe for eccentricity. To raise the grotesque and the absurd to the plane of the serious is to render a disservice to literature. More, it is to render an insult to intelligence and evoke a curse on criticism."

Gertrude professed to be pleased when, some time later, she heard that Eliot had said in a lecture at Cambridge that her work was "very fine but not for us." What Eliot actually said was "it is not improving, it is not amusing, it is not interesting, it is not good for one's mind. But its rhythms have a peculiar hypnotic power not met with before. It has a kinship with the saxophone. If this is the future, then the future is, as it very likely is, of the barbarians. But this is the future in which we ought not to be interested." While deploring her influence, Eliot nevertheless granted the effectiveness of some of her methods and admitted in a letter to her that he was "immensely interested" in everything she wrote.

According to Bravig Imbs, a young novelist fresh from Dartmouth College who served a short term as major-domo, "we were a coterie and most of us young enough to think it very important. We were all going to be great artists and we had all sat with Alice and we had all given our homage to Gertrude." With so many personalities, Gertrude's favorite sport, so Imbs said, was the deliberate framing of contretemps, which were apt to result in emotional fireworks. This Machiavellian game took place while she sat "majestically like a Roman emperor, taking a deep malicious pleasure in the all but mortal combat she had encouraged among her guests. She was not only extremely versed in the French art of *brouille* but had this extra accomplishment of stirring up quarrels between people without ever once stepping into the shadow of blame herself. . . . Alice would always reprove Gertrude for letting herself fall into such temptations, and Gertrude would answer with Juan Gris' favorite proverb: One must always yield to temptation."

THE friendship of Gertrude Stein and Edith Sitwell, which in time became a firm one, began inauspiciously. In 1923, Miss Sitwell had published in the *Nation and Athenaeum* a review of *Geography and Plays*, in which she said: "To sum up the book as far as possible, I find in it an almost insuperable amount of silliness, an irritating cease-

less rattle like that of American sightseers talking in a boarding-house (this being, I imagine, a deliberate effect), great bravery, a certain real originality, and a few flashes of exquisite beauty. . . . She is, however, doing valuable pioneer work." Gertrude felt that the review was condescending and dismissed it as but another report from the alien world. A year later, the London *Vogue* published an article by Miss Sitwell in which she stated that she had spent the year reading almost nothing but *Geography and Plays* and that she considered it an important and beautiful book. Gertrude forgave and forgot. When Edith Sitwell next came to Paris, a meeting was arranged, and one of Gertrude's few friendships with anyone she might have considered a peer was affectionately joined.

In later years, Edith Sitwell and her brother Osbert remembered Gertrude mainly for her incorrigible tendency to misinterpret every human relationship with which she came into contact. When Gertrude said that So-and-so was in love with So-and-so but that the emotion was unrequited, or that Mme. X was about to sue M. Y for slander in a matter involving Mlle. Z, the Sitwells came to the conclusion that they would approach the truth only by assuming just the opposite of Gertrude's assertions. But their fondness for her as a person and respect for her as a writer were constant and long-standing. "She is the last writer in the world whom any other writer should take as a model," Dame Edith wrote, "but her work, for the most part, is very valuable because of its revivifying qualities, and it contains, to my mind, considerable beauty." Reporting one of their early conversations, she recalled that Gertrude had said, "The difference between Picasso and inferior painters is that inferior painters put in all the leaves on a tree, with the result that you see neither tree nor leaves. Picasso paints one leaf upon a tree, and you see the life of the tree." In a similar sense, commented Dame Edith, "She throws a word into the air, and when it returns to the ground it bears within it the original meaning it bore before custom and misuse had blurred it."

When Miss Sitwell returned to England, it was upon her urging that Gertrude consented to lecture at Cambridge. When the president of the literary society there had written to Gertrude to speak in the early spring of 1926, the idea terrified her. She wrote a quick and definite refusal. Hearing of this rejection, Edith Sitwell wrote immediately to say that it was of the first importance that she change her mind, that Gertrude's "actual presence in England would help the cause" since "it is quite undoubted that a personality does help to convince half-intelligent people." Contingent upon Gertrude's acceptance of the Cambridge

invitation, Miss Sitwell prodded, Oxford was also about to ask her to lecture. Gertrude did change her mind, but the prospect of a public appearance sent her into an extended period of anxiety.

She brooded for days, decided to take elocution lessons from a professor at the Sorbonne, then decided not to. She could make no beginning on what she was going to say until one afternoon in Montrouge when, waiting for a mechanic to finish repairs on her car, she sat on the fender of another car in the garage and began to write. By the time her Ford was repaired, she had completed all of *Composition as Explanation*. To make sure that she would be stylishly caparisoned, her friend Yvonne Davidson provided her with a stately robe of blue Chinese brocade. The next step was to get the reaction of anyone who might be willing to listen to a preview performance of her lecture. Everyone had ideas — not so much on the content of the lecture, since no one ever argued with Gertrude about the validity of her thoughts — but on the manner of delivery. After much confusing advice, and with no belief that she had learned anything, she arrived in London in the grip of a fearful case of stage fright. Osbert Sitwell, who, she felt, looked like “the uncle of a king,” came to her hotel, extended his sympathy, and tried to help. “He so thoroughly understood every possible way in which one could be nervous,” said Gertrude, that she was “quite soothed.”

THE evening at Cambridge was a resonant success, and when, at Oxford a few days later, Gertrude again took the platform in her robe of Chinese blue, she had begun to feel like a prima donna. Harold Acton, who had invited her to address the members and friends of the Ordinary, a literary society, recalls the event in his *Memoirs of an Aesthete*: “Edith, Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell accompanied Gertrude as well as Miss Alice Toklas, her inseparable companion, who looked like a Spanish gipsy and talked like a Bostonian. Gertrude had left all her nervousness at Cambridge; it was a fine summer day and she was ready to enjoy herself. Her audience was even larger than I had anticipated and many had to stand. Owing to the critics, the popular conception of Gertrude Stein was of an eccentric visionary, a literary Madame Blavatsky in fabulous clothes, the triumph of the dream and escape from life personified, with bells on her fingers as well as on her toes, or a mermaid swathed in tinsel, smoking drugged cigarettes through an exaggerated cigarette holder, or a Gioconda who had

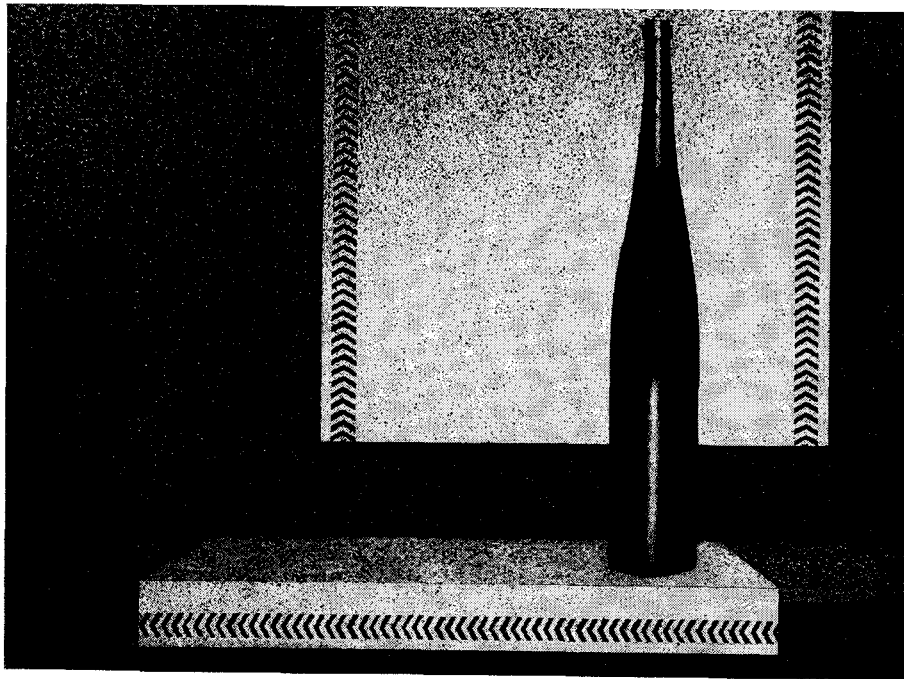
had her face lifted so often that it was fixed in a smile beyond the nightmares of Leonardo da Vinci. One was aware of the rapid deflation of these conceptions, as Gertrude surpassed them by her appearance, a squat Aztec figure in obsidian, growing more monumental as soon as she sat down. With her tall bodyguard of Sitwells and the gipsy acolyte, she made a memorable entry.

“Nobody was prepared for what followed, a placid reading of *Composition as Explanation* and several word portraits, including one of Edith Sitwell, who sat so near that the portrait could be compared with the original. . . . Though we had heard dozens of lectures, nobody had heard anything like this before. There was no nonsense about her manner, which was in deep American earnest, as natural as could be. . . . While she read Edith Sitwell’s portrait I glanced at the model. No, I could not see the likeness, nor, apparently, could Edith, for she was trying not to look as embarrassed as she felt. Sachie looked as if he were swallowing a plum and Osbert shifted on his insufficient chair with a vague nervousness in his eyes. The audience sat attentively; some were taking notes. Gertrude Stein was casting a spell with her litany which might go on for ever and ever amen.”

Discussion after her talk lasted for an hour. When someone asked her why she thought she was on the right track with her unique sort of work, she replied that it was not a question of what she thought or of what anyone thought. She had been going her own way for twenty years, and now at both Oxford and Cambridge they wanted to hear her lecture. The climax of the evening came with a touch of Gertrude’s wit that left nothing more to be said. In his memoirs, Osbert Sitwell recalls the moment: “I remember . . . a certain commotion arising and some accompanying laughter when . . . she remarked ‘Everything is the same and everything is different.’”

“Many undergraduates had come to the hall to amuse themselves after the lecture at the expense of a writer widely and angrily derided, her work dismissed as the ‘stutterings of a lunatic.’ But in the presence of this obviously distinguished woman, the wiser of them recognized that there was not much to be done in this line. At the end, two young gentlemen, not so easily discouraged, shot up to heckle her from different parts of the audience: but they asked an identical question: ‘Miss Stein, if everything is the same, how can everything be different?’ In a most genial, comforting manner, Miss Stein replied: ‘Well, just look at you two dear boys!’”

(To be concluded)



THE COMPULSIVE DRINKER

Anonymous

Alcoholism is a disease which affects different people differently. Whether Americans are more susceptible to it than Europeans is a question, but there can be no doubt that Alcoholics Anonymous, whose headquarters is in New York City and of which this writer is a member, has inspired a cure remarkably efficacious for those in the final and compulsive stage.

OUR Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name . . ." At the end of my first Alcoholics Anonymous meeting the words of the old prayer came suddenly alive. Black despair melted into a glimpse of health and a good life, of relief from suffering, remorse, anguish — just a ray of hope, but enough to enable me to square my shoulders in new determination. These fine people had given me something I badly needed at that moment. They had shown me a way out of the abyss of alcoholism.

Earlier in the meeting the chairman had called on a well-groomed citizen to speak. He looked healthy, vigorous, and prosperous. He began with: "My name is John, and I am an alcoholic." Then he went on to tell how as a sales manager of a nationwide hardware firm he had discovered that cocktails before business luncheons softened up customers, cocktails before sales staff dinners made him more popular, relaxed him, encouraged the bright ideas. He told about packing a bottle in

his bag to take on the Sunday night train to a distant city, about learning to leave a good slug in the bottle for an eye opener Monday morning.

Then he began to miss Monday appointments; district salesmen never saw him until the middle of the week. Finally he lost family, job, and health. But all the time John said, "This is my problem. I'll handle it." Talks with a psychiatrist helped, but short stretches of sobriety always gave way to worse trouble. Down and out, almost broke, living on liquor and far from home, he finally asked himself, "What can I do?"

I sat there thunderstruck. This man John was telling my story. He was talking about me. He is a business executive and I am a professional man, but our stories are the same. John's fears were my fears, too. My will power is strong, but I simply could not do what my friends could do: sip a couple of drinks, eat a good meal, and get up in the morning rested and ready for another day. I always missed one train after another and ended

Aquatint by Mario Avati. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

the evening stumbling, dreading the next day. I wondered if John ever had blackouts, losses of memory such as were hitting me lately. I wondered if he ever got up in the morning with no idea of where he had left the car, not knowing whom he had been with or what he had said, without a dollar left in his wallet. I could tell him about meeting an important client for lunch and not being sure whether I could get a fork to my mouth. I could tell these people about the utter, soul-shattering degradation of trembling hands that spilled coffee on my shirt or caused the match to miss lighting my wife's cigarette.

I could tell them — but would I? I shrank from the prospect of getting up before this parish house full of ex-drunks and peeling myself open for their inspection. How could people so earnestly reveal what seemed to me a shameful weakness? Could I ever admit to being one of them?

The chairman kept things going in friendly fashion. He said that this AA meeting would complete his month of presiding over the local group's affairs and that he would appoint another member to carry on next month. He reminded the crowd that there are no officers in AA, no fancy national headquarters — only simple services that will help carry the message to other alcoholics. "There are no dues or fees in AA," he said, "but we do pay rent to use this room every week, we buy coffee and refreshments, and right now I'll ask Joe to take up the usual collection." I noticed that when the basket came along my row it was generously filled, and I whispered to one of my new friends to inquire whether AA receives gifts. He said that the organization declines outside contributions, that every AA group is self-supporting, and that problems of money, property, and prestige might divert AA from its primary purpose.

"I should like to explain to any newcomers," the chairman added, "that AA is strictly anonymous. This is the spiritual foundation of all our traditions, ever reminding us to place principles before personalities. We must always maintain personal anonymity at the level of press, radio, and films. This is an open meeting where visitors are welcome. Anyone interested in learning about AA, also members of their families and friends, can join us at any time. The door of AA swings both ways. You can come in; you can go out. You can always come back — we'll be here."

The chairman then called on an attractive young woman who stepped to the speaker's platform to speak. "My name is Kate, and I am an alcoholic." Kate told the intimate story of the near ruin of her home. As soon as the children were off to school and her husband had left for work, she tried to remember where she had hidden

the bottle the night before. That first drink was like pulling down a shade, shutting out her remorse and shame, blotting out the hangover. She played records and danced around the living room in her negligee and exchanged neighborhood gossip over the phone with friends. Instead of eating lunch she drank it. By the time the children came home she was in bed: "Mother has a headache; make yourselves a chocolate milk and some sandwiches for supper."

This girl is no orator, I thought, but there she stands, looking good, relaxed, almost smiling, talking straight from her heart and from her own experience with tough problems that I know so well. Again I thought: Will I ever be able to do that? Wouldn't it be great if I could sit down privately with a man who knew exactly what I was going through and had licked it, who talked my language and wanted to help me? The closest I had ever come to it was a session I had had with Dr. Richard Proctor at the Bowman-Gray Medical School, in Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

"Face your situation as it is and not as you wish it might be. When you understand what your problem is and why you have it — the real reasons, not your alibis and excuses — you can enjoy a normal life again," he told me. "Most people who drink are not alcoholics and probably never will be. But for five million men and women drinking is a sickness, and you're one of these. There is just one guy who can cure you, and that is you." Dr. Proctor recommended that I try AA.

Kate ended her talk with a phrase that stuck in my mind. She said, "But for the grace of God and AA I wouldn't be here tonight." Then came the Lord's Prayer: "... And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil..." and the meeting broke up for coffee. I knew that it had taken me years to get myself into an alcoholic hole and that I could not pull out of it overnight; but I left sobered, thoughtful, determined to do my utmost to make the flash of hope come true.

FOR the next three months I attended two or three AA meetings a week. No one asked me any questions or gave me any lectures; all of them were glad to see me, and I made new friends at every meeting. I felt normal and healthy. Instead of going from the office to the club, then making a few stops at bars, I went directly, eagerly home. My wife was smiling, and her voice was happy. One morning my daughter said, "Daddy, every night I thank God, and I just want to thank you for being well again." Doris was a happy girl, too, and I was charged with new energy for a full day's work.

My old hobbies, like fishing, which I had neglected for years, began to look good again. The season would open before long, and I suggested to Marge that we go over to Bill's to make plans for May weekends. The thought of wading in fast water at the head of a long pool fanning out to a quiet stretch where I could drop a dry fly ready for a trout to strike was tremendously exciting to me. Plans must be made, gear overhauled. I could hardly wait.

I hadn't seen Bill for a year, not since my gang carried me into the house and left me on the divan when we were making ready for the last fishing season. But on this Saturday night we were talking as we used to in the old days, eagerly planning to leave before daylight on opening morning. The girls would join us for the weekend. Then Bill went out to the kitchen and came back with a tray of ice water and glasses, also with a flushed look on his face as though he had just had a good stiff drink. "I thought it would be nice," he said, "if we all had something to drink."

It was almost too much for me. Why the hell couldn't Bill offer everybody a highball and be natural about it? He and the girls wanted a drink. Couldn't I have the privilege of declining or accepting if I wanted to? I burned with anger.

My sullen mood spoiled what little was left of the party. Marge could sense my distress, and we made excuses to leave early. I kept my childish fury pent up and roamed around downstairs desperately tempted to drink anything I could find, but brewed black coffee instead and growled at Marge, who was entreating me to get some sleep.

I was groggy at daylight, but the idea occurred to me that I was entirely at fault. I phoned and said, "Bill, I'm sorry to disturb you so early, but I want to apologize about last night. The plain fact is that I can't handle liquor and you know it. All I ask is that you treat me like any other friend. Whenever you want a drink, don't let me interfere. Also please don't put ice water or a Coke in my hand. Just ask me what I would like to have, and I'll name it. I am trying like the devil to be worthy of your trust."

I heard a sleepy, "Thanks for calling, Bob. That makes me feel a lot better about the whole thing. We can have some great times together, and I want you to know that I am proud of you. Don't forget we've got a date for opening day!"

I GAVE up AA meetings. They were all right for somebody in bad shape, but I did not need them any more. This period went on for a few weeks longer. I felt normal and healthy. I found that anything I did with liquor I could do better

without it. I was my own man again, but I had neglected Mark Twain's remark that quitting smoking was easy — he had done it hundreds of times.

It was a good sign that my family was beginning to trust me. My wife, beaming with new confidence, told me that she planned to take the children the following weekend on a family visit. Out of habit I welcomed the chance to be alone, puttering around, varnishing my old trout rod, watching TV — and drinking. "But my God!" I thought. "I'm not drinking, and I don't want to start. What kind of crazy thinking is this?"

As the week wore on, I tried with less and less success to get the idea of having a few drinks out of my mind. They drove away Saturday morning early, and I kept busy in and out of the house, catching up on postponed chores. That evening I walked a mile to the liquor store and paused at the door to wonder. Then I went in and bought two bottles. A taxi rushed me home, and I tore off the cap and poured half a glass. Only the first drink tasted as I had hoped. During the rest of that bottle and half of the second I sat cursing myself for being insane. Words for the causes and symptoms of my sickness haunted me. "Oh, God, can I ever stop again?"

Sunday night I had to call a doctor to get a shot in the arm before the family got home. It was a bad night, but I kept away from anything to drink, and next night I went back to AA, shaky, overwhelmed with remorse and shame. I ought to admit my slip. I could not make the aisle to go up front as others did, so I just stood where I was and muttered, "This past weekend I tried liquor. I couldn't handle it. I am sorry I had a slip, and thanks to you for keeping the door of AA open. I have the proof now that I don't want to go out that door again. I know that there is no way out of the abyss, except giving up liquor."

I felt much better for coming out in the open. I was encouraged and managed a feeble grin. "I guess I forgot Mark Twain's lesson about giving up smoking," I said.

During the next few months, I actually enjoyed being sober — not fighting that first drink, which is the one that does the damage. I settled down to regular attendance at an AA group where I felt most congenial. Perhaps I was still an impostor, playing a masquerade. I was not yet being completely honest with these decent people and with myself. For somewhere in this good period the terrible thought returned that someday I might do what no alcoholic on earth has ever been able to do: drink normally again.

Then one night before closing a meeting, the chairman dumfounded me by announcing: "For the next month I should like to name Robert, our

new member, as chairman." He was referring to me. Everybody clapped, and I wondered how in the world I could do it. I spent every evening rereading what we in AA call the *Big Book* and leafing through our monthly magazine, *The Grapevine*, to bone up for the job of chairman. I studied for the hundredth time our twelve steps to sobriety: the admission that we were helpless against alcohol but that a power greater than ourselves could restore us to sanity if we would turn over our wills and lives to God as each of us understands Him.

My new responsibilities weighed heavily on me. The night of my first meeting as chairman I stood near the entrance of the parish house greeting everyone, my wife standing happily at my side. Alcohol is no respecter of persons: I was smiling and saying hello to lawyers, truck drivers, doctors, housewives, business leaders, mechanics, and, accompanied mostly by sponsors from our group, a few newcomers looking shaky and white, sick and bleary-eyed. As is customary at all AA gatherings, chatter, laughter, and smoke filled the air; wives in the parish-house kitchen brewed coffee and made sandwiches. It was time to start. I felt reticent and unworthy to fill the chairmanship, so that the traditional AA prayer with which I opened the meeting disturbed me: "God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference."

While I read along the brief statement of principles which starts every AA meeting, that prayer began repeating itself. "The courage to change the things I can" — and the truth flashed in my mind with blinding clarity: *You are still a coward, still holding out; you are not really, not sincerely here!* It probably lasted only a few seconds, but I could see the lies I had told the doctors who were trying to help me, the deceit of making light of my problem to my minister, family, and associates, those endless alibis and excuses that had always given me a getaway route for a backslide into drinking. I had never burned all my bridges, nor had I quite achieved enough humility to admit, to accept, and to act on my problem wholeheartedly.

The next few words may have sounded natural to the audience, but to me they represented unconditional surrender. They meant I was not just a visitor at these meetings, looking over the program with a skeptical eye, trying something else to please

my wife or maybe to learn some new way to live with liquor. I finally uttered the words I had never had the courage and humility to say: "My name is Robert, and I am an alcoholic."

A great weight lifted from my mind and body. Forgetting all the words I had read in the literature of AA, the thoughts of others that I had memorized for this occasion, I plunged ahead. "I want to thank you folks for making me chairman this month," I began. "I'm not sure I can do a very good job or that I am ready for it. Perhaps older and wiser heads around here decided that one way to keep me good and sober for a month was to make me chairman!"

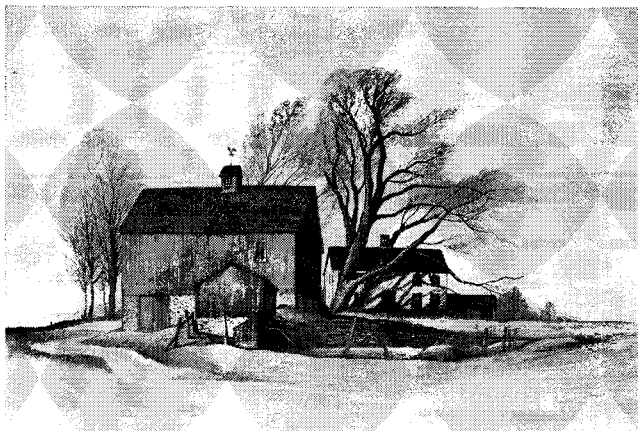
"Seriously, though, I have just gone through a few moments of decision that I would not swap for anything else that ever happened to me. Most of us in this room have in common a serious physical and emotional problem. We are trying to do something about it. I have just learned in standing up here before you that I can without a shadow of a doubt succeed; I can achieve recovery and can help others as you are helping me. Without AA meetings and group fellowship, I would be lost. I can't do it alone. I thank God I don't have to."

As I had known all along, my story was similar to their stories. But now it suddenly became not my story, not their story, but *our* story — for I was finally, completely one of them.

And then the final speaker emphasized the importance of taking each day as it comes. "This is a twenty-four-hour program," he said. "Today is the only day that counts. Yesterday is gone, and tomorrow may never come."

The hour was nearly up, and I concluded the meeting. "AA is not a religious organization," I said, "but many of us believe that the spiritual part of the program is the most important. Striving to live a good life, to be in tune with our fellow men, to be our best selves at all times is a program that will help anybody, including drunks. We'll all stand and close the meeting in the usual way. . . . *Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us . . .*" And as Marge and I that night walked home hand in hand, we shared the serenity of accepting the things we could not change, because some power had given me the courage at last to change the things that I could, and Marge and I continue to know the difference.

NEWTON F. TOLMAN



SOMETHING ON A DIRT ROAD

NEWTON F. TOLMAN is a writer on country subjects who claims the odd distinction not only of having been born in New Hampshire, but of having lived there practically ever since.

AMERICA, lecturers from abroad always explain to us, is a land of varied and violent fads. Admittedly, we have gone in for an odd custom now and again; and one of the strangest began around the turn of the century. Families of means were suddenly seized with an urge to return, voluntarily, to New England — back to a rigorous clime from which they had long been escaping in droves — bent on rehabilitating and occupying old farmhouses.

Heretofore no outsiders had ever come up to our country except in the heat of July or August. Their summer homes ranged from flimsy cottages encased in green latticework to the huge Italian villas, Spanish haciendas, and English manor houses of Bar Harbor and Dublin Lake. Now the avant-garde of the summer folk started moving into the farmhouses.

The new farmhouse aristocrats were ranked in order of age of dwelling; climbers soon learned to forge “1760” over doorways of newly acquired old homesteads. One very rich Dublin summer resident, determined to corner the market, bought up twelve old farms, extensively adding to the buildings, and installed a resident farmer in each. The amount of money that this amphictyony managed to lose was too much even for a multimillionaire, and the places were soon sold off.

Some of the wealthier recruits to the cult found adjustment to farmhouse living difficult. An

industrialist who bought an old house on a hilltop to the south of us remodeled it so extensively that the original house was lost to view somewhere inside. He moved up whole chunks of the rococo family mansion from Worcester and grafted them on all around. There were three-story bay windows, a variety of dormers with stained glass, and, towering over all, two red water tanks large enough to supply the Hotel Wentworth. When the place was finished, the owner ended up a speech at Town Picnic, “and I hope the day is not far off, my friends, when every hilltop in New Hampshire will be crowned by a home as beautiful as my own.”

Now, fifty years later, there are still quite a few uncrowned hills left, but the search for old houses is hotter than ever. In the beginning we shrewd, dour natives figured the thing must surely be a passing fashion. It is a notion we have clung to over the years, thus losing countless chances to make a fortune in real estate. As a result we are dourer than ever.

What has happened to “the country,” meaning a background for living as distinguished from that of city or suburb? Even here in the hills it is as extinct as *The Country Gentleman*, that weekly thriller we used to fight for by the light of the softly hissing mantle lamp. Lately, the only real farmers’ magazine we’ve seen is a quarterly, slicker and more sophisticated than *Esquire*, called *The Farm*.

“The Hilltop” by Thomas W. Nason. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

Our native-born Ethan Frome types are about all dead now, their mores and tenets — their very accent — all but forgotten. Nor are their ways especially mourned by the handful of us, their descendants, who still live on the Old Place. It is the newcomers from Boston and New York and Indianapolis who keep their memory green. And these people are always insisting they see in us all the homely and quaint traits of our forebears. “Real characters, these neighbors of ours — lived right on the same spot for generations . . .”

Our upland township is one of the more sparsely inhabited in the state, yet it now depends on a suburban routine for its existence. Only two or three men still make a living in the vicinity of their homes. The rest, and some of the women too, commute to town jobs anywhere from ten to forty miles distant. School buses must navigate the most obscure cowpath to its end, ensuring that our “country” children, if they ever get any exercise, must get it some other way than walking.

A few of us, far out in one end of the township, still put up a fight every year to stop the spreading tar roads from creeping our way. Not for purely aesthetic reasons, but to protect our hunting and fishing from the increasing tide of beer-bottle heavers. But more and more of our neighbors are coming to the conclusion that we are insane — fanatics throwing ourselves across the asphalt path of progress.

This matter of roads is becoming ever more important to immigrants landing in our region from points south. We know a man who, though he has lived in New Hampshire only two or three years, is urging us to find him a place just like ours. At first we couldn’t believe he was serious. “Why, your house is one of the show places of the state, Bill,” I said to him. “It must have had over a hundred and fifty thousand sunk on it at one time or another. Why on earth would you want to move?”

“The damn road,” he replied. “Black top. Tourists, deer hunters, riffraff! Cans and bottles all along the edge. Driving us crazy. We’ve just got to find something on a dirt road.”

What he meant was a gravel road. Most of our country roads today that are not metaled (as they would say in England) are heavily surfaced with gravel. At least they are supposed to be, and that is why at Town Meeting there is always a great deal of talking, one might even say fighting, about Class 5 roads. The best of these roads are good the year round. But too often the gravel is only fine sand, or it has washed away, or there is not enough calcium chloride added to lay the dust. The result is a washboard guaranteed to shake loose from your chassis every bolt not firmly welded in place.

The drive leading to our house is *really* an old dirt road. Experts say it is one of the finest examples extant. Part of it was used by my ancestors (circa 1770); the remainder was built only fifty years ago. (As was our house, the family farm being a mile away.) The more recent part of the road is a fine reproduction, hardly distinguishable from the original. Nowhere has a shovelful of gravel ever been added to the authentic dirt.

In summer a dirt road has a soft, moist center with patches of grass, dandelions, and daisies. The wheel tracks are glassy smooth and have a pleasantly cool texture. For walking barefoot there is no surface as good.

All winter long the dirt resembles nice, smooth concrete. But in spring when it unfreezes it becomes liquid. While this lasts, we either mount the farm tractor or walk. The six-foot rear wheels of the tractor disappear at times, but they can usually keep on slogging forward. Every day we go out and dig little canals here and there to drain off the excess soup and argue endlessly about how many weeks it will be before we can try it with the jeep.

We are taxed a bit higher for owning such a lovely dirt road than would be the case if we lived on a gravel or asphalt highway, but it is well worth it. Nowhere else in the world could we be so sure of a whole month of peaceful solitude every year.

Suburban though we have so largely become, our once silent skies roaring day and night with jets, ‘copters, and quaint old props, there is a curious half-world all around us peopled with characters out of the last century. This illusory world-within-a-world began when I was a boy, long before Alexander Woollcott bought his old Vermont farm and called it Bellyacres.

It is the country as the city dweller sees it. It is the country of conservatively romantic novels, plays, and movies — and endless nonfiction accounts of how “we got tired of the tensions and struggle of city life, the daily hours wasted on commuter trains, the sham and glitter, the false standards, high taxes . . .” (My real-estate tax last year came to \$840.67.)

THE man who moves to the country, unlike the proverbial Englishman who always dresses for dinner in the remote jungle, feels impelled to go in for clothes that reflect his altered way of life. The only jacket-and-tie men in rural New Hampshire are native-born farmers or lumbermen.

All this is fortunate for the photographers from the national picture weeklies who every year do

the features on Town Meeting, "Where Democracy Really Functions." In the front of the hall sits a broad-shouldered, jolly-looking fellow in the obvious garb of the woodsman. His round face, fresh in from the cutting March wind, is browned as though from the hot sun of the West Indies.

And indeed, he and his wife have just returned from there. Originally from New York, they moved up here some ten years ago. Usually they take a southern cruise to relieve the tedium of our winter chores — the shoveling out of paths, over and over, the daily mixing of Martinis.

Many of our rural customs, neglected for two or three generations, have been brought back to life by the professional country dwellers. They have introduced us to every beverage known to history, including champagne cider, dandelion wine, elderberry cordial, maple-sap beer, and blackberry grub (or is it shrub?).

We were also introduced to something that almost killed us. It was an afternoon in the dead of winter, and the roads were so drifted that no car could move. A neighbor phoned, in some excitement, to tell us we had better come down right away to see what he had discovered. He would say no more.

We got down there as fast as the tractor would go and were ushered into the kitchen to face an amazing spectacle: about forty full liquor bottles lined up on the kitchen table. After generously sampling several we found out the story. Our host had ordered some wooden barrels from a wholesale liquor firm in which to age his cider. On arrival, the barrels were found each to contain some dregs from their former service, amounting to several gallons of cloudy, powerful, uncut whisky. He had strained it off through a dish towel and filled all the old bottles he could find.

When we regained consciousness, it was forty-eight hours later and we were safe in our own home. We never knew how we had got there, but our faithful tractor was standing in the barn.

Some time ago we drove across the river to visit Ruth Smith, who has written some good things, among them an inspired book called *White Man's Burden*. Ruth is a real old Vermonter, having moved there from Kansas twelve years ago, and we were talking about the numbers of writers who had settled in the Green Mountain country since Kipling's ill-starred sojourn near Brattleboro in 1896-1898. We concluded that about half of what we had read lately must have been written in Vermont.

Even Ruth could not tell us why so many

colleges have been springing up in Vermont, one to almost every village. It may be that in trying to elude mass-production education, the famed individualism of the region seems like the right environment.

In earliest days, the more adventurous and footloose of our hill-country farm youths used to run away to sea. In my time we also ran away, but we headed instead for Greenwich Village. When it came to glamour, with a high flavor of Bohemianism, even Paris could not compete with the Village. Only there could Max Bodenheimer have written his classic, *Naked on Roller Skates*, and the area from MacDougal Alley to Tenth Street, lined with sculpture and painting studios, was the undisputed capital of the art world.

Today the painter or musician or writer who has arrived immediately buys an old farm in New England. (Those who haven't try to land a free summer at the MacDowell Colony, one building of which was the old farm of composer Edward MacDowell, who died there in 1908. His half-smoked cigar lies in the ash tray on the piano exactly as he left it; at least it was there the last time I was over that way.) One of our neighbors is a woman who has recently scored a resounding success as a painter. She now has a winter studio in New York, but it is in the East Seventies, and she remarked the other day that she had never set foot in Greenwich Village.

Another neighbor, for a time, was a poet. He later went to England, where he soon became a great favorite of the Oxford crowd. Before he left, in exchange for a few cords of wood I chopped for him, he gave me the MS. of this verse written in his own angular scrawl:

EARLY SPRING LANDSCAPE

To old Ephraim Clapham and his wife, Sarah-Jane,
Spring had been long in coming; almost too long,
So it seemed, for their old frames had been unequal
To the task of keeping things dug out from blizzard
After blizzard. But when at last the final thaw began,
Cutting down the wind-carved hills of white
That had for months near buried the weathered homestead,
Old Eph took hope, and to his wife he said,
"Sarah-Jane, come to the south window with me here,
And look out toward the road — under the apple tree,
There, sec? That's the cab of the old Reo;
Clutch went out in nineteen-seventeen, remember?
And just beyond, the Franklin, and the Dodge sedan.
For years I aimed to get a new transmission for that Dodge.
But when the tires rotted I figured, what's the use?
Can't see much of the Overland yet, guess the top collapsed
With all the snow we had . . . looks kind o' spring-like,
Don't it, though, to see them all again!"

SEVEN TIMES ONE ARE SEVEN

BY ROBERT HILLYER

In his grandmother's garden was a cake with seven candles,
And the family had forgathered that rose-haunted afternoon.
Aunt Jane was singing Felicia Heman's verses
About a seventh birthday to a sentimental tune.
"It's a birthday to remember," said his grandmother smiling,
"With all the roses out on the third day of June."

His brother said, "There should have been eight candles. One to grow on."
"For seven years," the Rector said, "I think he's pretty tall."
They talked about him amiably as though he were not present,
And he felt at his own party embarrassingly small.
His mother sat in silence, and he knew the scent of roses
Had made her think — as he did — of his father's funeral.

The books for his birthday had all been sent from England.
"No one writes for children like the English," said Aunt Jane.
"How about Louisa May Alcott?" asked the Rector.
"Only fit for girls," said his brother with disdain.
His uncle coughed and murmured, "There's *Huckleberry Finn*."
"Good heavens!" said his grandmother, "that vulgar Mark Twain?"

Momently his birthday was slipping through his fingers,
Till, "Blow and make a wish," said his sister. So he blew.
Out went four candles, the wind blew out the other three,
And he was disappointed that he'd blown out so few.
His mother said, "How wonderful! Four sevenths of your happiness
Is way above the average for your wishes to come true."

The Rector and the members of the older generation
Put aside their plates and settled comfortably to chat.
His brother went to baseball, his sister to a friend's house,
And everything seemed suddenly quite commonplace and flat.
Freed from all attention now, his birthday party over with,
He chose a book called *Storyland* and lost himself in that.

a strange sky



BY JESSE HILL FORD

An ATLANTIC discovery whose first story, "*The Surest Thing in Show Business*," attracted favorable comment when it appeared in our April issue, JESSE HILL FORD is a graduate of Vanderbilt University, where he studied under Donald Davidson, and a young author now in the process of establishing himself in Tennessee. He has recently been awarded an ATLANTIC grant of \$2500 to assist him in the completion of his first novel.

WHEN a Southern gal loses her man she's committed to a sort of ritual, maybe you'd call it a grand old tradition. She's expected to hang her head and spit her tobacco juice between her big toe and the second one, making a dark spot in the dust. Then she's supposed to take up the banjo and entertain the whole damned town singing *Lover Come back to Me* to the tune of *Possum up a Gum Stump* while the old family retainers hum in the background, with voices rich as moonlight, something that sounds like *Cotton-eyed Joe* or *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot*.

But where I'm concerned the citizens of Somerton are all in for a big disappointment. I'll see them in hell before I'll crawl.

The miraculous damned thing is the way he all of a sudden decides he's too good for Somerton. It sets me wondering what it was that hit him all at once, after all these years.

"Patsy Jo," he'd say, when his face was still in pimples and his hair was a series of cowlicks, all the color of dishwater, taking my hand he'd say, "I'm going to be the best lawyer in the South." But that was before he discovered he didn't have to be, while his old man was still alive, pumping him full of fairy tales about honest sweat and just rewards. And his old man was just guessing, because he never sweat an honest drop himself. Anyway, Denny Smith would hold my hand and gaze into the distance, like something tied on the end of a calf rope, and finally turning to me he'd say, "And I'll take you with me."

But the farthest out of town I ever got with Denny Smith Sneed were the nights after prayer meeting was over. We'd leave the church with *Draw Me Nearer* still echoing like a song will, after you've been singing it, in that chambered silence of your memory. Or maybe still humming, inwardly, *I Am Thine, O Lord*. Then we got as far as the graveyard out the old Buckeye Pike, or later, after he was in college and had taken on refinements, the Pine Wind tourist cabins. Afterwards he always took me home like nothing had happened, and we parted with a few brave words from the South's best lawyer-to-be. It wouldn't be fair to say the subject of marriage never came up, but it was always something away off in the hazy distance of his "future." He always was a dreamer, or maybe his old man had put him wise to that one too.

But when you take it all in and believe it, maybe because his old man has the bank, a few buildings on Main Street, and the property west of town, and mostly because the Sneeds have been here since Acuff County got its boundaries — I say, when you take it all in long enough, it becomes love. And in the end, if you happen to be anybody, it means something. No matter if you never get a promise, or if you make a quiet fool out of yourself while the others talk about their babies at Thursday night bridge. Still it

"Separation," lithograph by Edvard Munch. Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

doesn't matter, not as long as he's coming by on Sunday afternoon, smelling like shaving lotion and fresh dry cleaning.

BAD news always seems to come when you're busy as a six-fingered piano player and doing something else besides expecting it. It was July and hot enough to burn the parts off a brass stallion, and there I was clerking my heart out, giving my rock-bottom all for Herman Gold and the Somerton Bargain Store. It was during the midsummer sale. The women lined the counters like big pink balloons, sweating where their dresses made a V at the neck and showing a wide damp place below the armpits, a sign they're fretting to buy. I had one almost hooked. "Wrap it up?" I asked. She had a face like strawberries and was so big she had to turn sideways to go between the counters. She was clucking to herself like an adding machine.

I waited the standard ten minutes while she quizzed her soul. She held the dress in both hands, and it was like the dress was holding her right back. She wanted to put it down, but she couldn't.

The iron was hot, so I struck and explained it was the only one left in stock that would fit her, the sale being nearly over and the size being popular here, although they might call it an oversize in the Memphis stores.

"Honey," I says, "this one is real cute. The blue goes with your eyes."

She took it then. I couldn't have hit her any harder if I had mauled her over the head with a sledge hammer. Out of a black purse that looked like maybe it had been buried for a while, she dragged a big wad of mossy-looking bills. I cranked the cash register and watched her fade through the door like a big cloud to the sidewalk, where she vaporized. And then Mattie French, white legs thin as pipestems, made an entrance like the Queen of Sheba just off the golden barge. Her little eyes snapped, and her chewing gum went a mile a minute. That's what air-conditioning the jewelry store has done, I says to myself, it's given the biggest amateur whore in town a chokehold on life.

"Feel like a fountain drink?" she says, without letting up on the gum.

Templeton's drugstore was air-cooled. I glanced at Herman Gold, wrapping something to beat sixty at the back counter. He nodded my way with a look of despair, and we went out. Templeton's felt like going to heaven.

Mattie stuck her chewing gum under the counter and poked at the ice in her drink.

"Mama saw Denny Smith Sneed in Memphis yesterday," Mattie says. That's how she started it, right to the point. As always, my heart was looking in another direction.

"Oh, yeah," I says, still comfortable, "Denny's down there quite a little bit here lately. It's a regular sight the way he always has some deal or other working." There was a new kid jerking soda. I watched as he dug gobs of ice cream out of the wells and jammed them on the cones.

"You and Denny Smith still going together?" I caught the mock surprise in her voice, just the way she knew I would. She was looking at me out of the corner of her eye. Right then I knew she had me. There was no mistaking the shine to her eyes, their cruel triumph. And I thought: Seventeen years, you've dated him seventeen years, and now here it comes. It was like taking down your pants before an audience.

"The last time I heard, Denny Smith and I were still going together." Then I looked at her hard and said, "Who is she, Mattie?"

I waited, taking the straw in my lips and watching it turn dark when I sucked on it. The cold hit the roof of my mouth and sank into my vitals. As I looked down at the ice in the bottom of my glass it came to me that it would have been too much to expect that Denny Smith would tell me himself. No, that would be too painful — for him. He had taken the easy way. It was easier to let someone like Mattie gut me with it, and my prickling scalp told me Mattie French was about to trail my entrails all over that drugstore. I didn't look at her. I looked away. I watched the kid's arm down in the well, up to the shoulder after ice cream. But there was no way to escape her voice, a little nasal now. Triumph and excitement were bursting inside her. Mattie French had been heavy with it, and it caught me like a rain, like a sudden gully washer, a chunk floater; and I kept thinking: You whore, you miserable little whore.

"Not that I'd want to brew up trouble between you and Denny Smith," she says, "but Mama saw him. At a parking garage in Memphis. You know how you have to wait while they bring your car down? Well, he was there, and Mama had already spoken before she realized he was with someone else, this blonde, this Miss Williams or something; a real cute little blonde, you know, and . . . and she —"

"Get on with your frog strangling," I says.

"She had a real pretty ring, a sort of obvious diamond, maybe three carats, on *the* finger."

I began to get the picture. Holding to the black marble edge of the counter, I steadied myself and took a long sip.

"Everybody knows I'm not married to him," I

says. "I don't have any more claim on him than the next woman." But at least, I thought, she hasn't kept it from me for any length of time. Then I remembered he couldn't have been in Memphis the day before because it was his rent collection day and he attended to it personally, since nobody else could be trusted to collect fifteen dollars and make out the receipt for ten (contribution of the University of Tennessee Law School to the reduction of Denny Smith Sneed's income tax).

"You didn't mean to say yesterday?" I says, looking hard at her now, the way you look at a worm when you mean to step on it.

She avoided my eyes. And then she remembered, remarked in fact how silly it had been of her to forget! And I knew then, at least, that Somerton wasn't breaking any customs on my account. The cross had been hoisted up on my shoulders. The good citizens were going to hike up the hill, beside me every step of the way. "Well, thanks for telling me," I says. Mattie had known about it a week.

She was contented now; it was a softness in her face, like the folded-under paws of a cat beside a saucer empty of milk. I left her and went out the door, a little dazed.

WHEN I got back to the Bargain Store I had to tell somebody, and there didn't seem to be anybody else, so I took it to Herman Gold. He finally got a chance to go with me to the curtained-off stock room at the back of the store. Away from the sale and the customers and the other clerks it was quiet. I got a little comfort from the leathery smell of new shoes and the dusty smell of cotton yard goods. Herman wiped off his face with a white handkerchief and listened. He was wheezing a little. He put the handkerchief away with a deft movement of his little hand, still listening, and not quite looking at me. He looked a little to one side of me, like there were some things he did not enjoy viewing in the middle of his mind. He nodded.

"He's engaged to some gal in Memphis," I says.

"You might say I seen it coming," he says. "You have to face it, he's low-down. When I seen him the first time I knew he would steal pennies off a dead man's eyes. It ain't like you could reason with him, like you could talk to him and say to him what the hell is he trying to pull."

"No," I says, "it wouldn't help. What you're saying is I let myself in for it. Isn't that right?"

Herman was getting bald. I could see where the top of his head was pink from the heat. He

was a little dazed, too, because my bad news had come when he didn't expect it either, and he stood there a minute like a man trying to gather his thoughts together, only they were scattered all over the place like goods on a bargain counter and needed a little sorting beforehand. And finally he says, speaking slowly: "What I mean is there are different men look at things different ways. Denny Smith Sneed is strictly business, which would be okay only he is all business, which means what-is-there-in-it-for-him or he ain't got no use for it. Being a Jew, I can appreciate what he is. I like to make money so I can give it to my family, and when I close the store, why, I close up the Herman Gold that's strictly business inside the store. I lock him in this here safe overnight. It's why I rattle the front door after I've locked it and look back inside. I'm looking back to see if that guy I don't want to take home with me is locked up safe inside here."

"And Denny Smith takes that part of him home," I says.

"Yes," says Herman Gold. "And I don't know what you could do about it. Your papa, being the type of man *he* is, would shoot him dead before Denny Smith could swallow spit, if you told him to do it."

"I thought of that," I says.

"But even killing him wouldn't change him."

"No," I says, "dead he would be just the very same way."

Herman sighed. "A nice appealing girl like you, a real person throwing it all away on a damn yo-yo like him!"

"I'm a fool, Herman, and I know it."

"Nice," he says, patting my shoulder, "such a nice gal. I always liked you." He was looking away into the middle distance again. "It ain't anything you can do, Honey, just only forget him. You got to try to get over it."

I nodded, biting my lip. Herman was right. I was feeling dizzy, and I hung my head a little.

"Look," he says finally, "you take the rest of the day off. Me and the gals will handle it."

He didn't have to beg me. "Thanks, Herman," I says, and I left him standing beside the old iron safe, studying his folded hands. I went out the back door.

Trash was burning behind the drugstore, sending flecks of ash up into the sky. Chimney swifts were wheeling so high they looked like gnats, and there wasn't a cloud anywhere. I had left my car parked by the Baptist church, where there weren't any parking meters, and I had to go down the alley to Thirteenth Street and then left past the barbershop. Just knowing what Denny Smith had been up to in Memphis made me bone-weary. The barbershop had customers pushed

clean out onto the sidewalk, and going by I had a whiff of hair oil and heard the clippers buzzing. The men didn't say anything, but their eyes were on me like hands, and I knew they were thinking how if I would with one guy and now he was getting rid of me, then why not with another and another. Here comes another Mattie French, they were thinking. It gave me a sudden sick little feeling.

There was a phone booth ahead of me on the corner. I searched a dime out of my purse, and then I hesitated, shaking all over a little. While I stood outside the booth with the sun pressing its heat against me a flock of pigeons rose from the slate roof of the church. I could hear the pop of their wings in the hot silence of my uncertainty. There must have been a dozen of them, gray-blue, circling over the post office as they rose, now veering an instant in confusion before they finally settled out in the direction of Main Street. I stepped inside the phone booth and gave the operator Denny Smith's number. In Somerton you drop in your dime after your party answers, and so he knew I was calling from a phone booth. It surprised him. He had just that minute gotten in from Memphis, he said.

"Your business down there is going pretty good, I guess."

"Oh, fine," he says. "I had a right successful trip."

I told him Herman had given me the rest of the day off, and —

Swell! Was I coming out? The water looked great to him from where he was standing. He was thinking, in fact, of a swim.

Yes, I thought, I wish you'd go out and soak your head under the surface for about thirty minutes. But the booth was hot.

"I'll be out in a little," I told him. "I want to hear all about Memphis."

There was a pause. In the hum of the wires I could almost hear him wondering if I knew, wondering if someone had told me. It had to be soon now, and he would have been wondering every day when it would happen, expecting the little painful scene. He was a man who hated unpleasantness. Finally he said, "Okay, Sugar," and kissed into the phone, the way he always had. I kissed back before I could stop myself, cursing the part of love that is just sheer habit, and hung up the receiver.

I STEPPED out of the booth. Crossing the street, I saw a carefree little girl collecting water in tea-party cups from the drinking fountain in the churchyard. She had an apron of mud on her

pink dress. I stood beside my car, for a moment envying her that deliberate preoccupation with mud pies and the blue innocence of the ribbon on her hair.

Inside my car was like a furnished room in hell. I started up and rolled down the windows. I picked up speed, and at the corner the tires made that summertime squeal as I swung around it.

Outside town the black top was jammed with dusty cars and trucks, and I honked the horn and went by while kids hung out the windows and dropped a confetti of candy wrappers into the wind. When I cut off the highway the dust was like a wall of earth. It filtered in at the window above my elbow and settled out on the floor board only to be blown up again when I finally decided to pass the cars even if I couldn't see ahead. I was almost to the wooden bridge, with the road now lying clear and straight almost a quarter of a mile to the next curve. I began to breathe deeply once more, and the last bridge after the last curve batted beneath the tires. From where the road met the edge of the lake I saw him. He jumped off the diving board. Even from a distance he didn't look like a man who could dive like that, almost without a splash. I drove on up the hill and parked my old car beside his brand-new one.

I ran into the house, from habit I suppose, and took my bathing suit out of his closet, leaving my clothes on his bed. The scent of him was in the cool air of the room. I pulled on my bathing suit and then went out, running again, running down across the lawn toward the water. He pulled himself out on the raft and sat with his feet dangling just under the surface of the water. I stopped running and walked slowly, trying to catch my breath, thinking: Yes, you have only to wait, and here I come, like the dog you never even have to whistle for, and you just watch. He had watched me drive around the edge of the lake and run inside the house. Now he watched while I climbed the ladder to the diving board.

At the top it came to me that I had done this so many times before that it was more than a habit, more than just part of me. This was all of me, blood and bone of me. Before me the board stretched in his direction. I had only to walk its length and fall. But I stood holding the curved hand rests, with a prickling sensation in my belly, and looking down I saw the wet footprints of him leading to the board's edge and droplets of water that had fallen from his body, drying in the sunlight.

From across the water the quiet sound of him came, the single word flattened on the humid interval of distance between us, so that for a moment at least I wondered if he had really said

it. "Well?" he says. I looked up. He sat in the same position, and I could think only: Memphis, Memphis, Memphis. And I yelled at him then, yelled back "Yaaa!" as loud as I could. I yelled it again and walked to the end of the board and went in, went down buried in coolness. But if you could stay down forever, I thought, would he move, would he ever move, even then? When I came up he was still there.

Denny Smith Sneed knew that he had only to wait. I swam toward him, telling myself all the things I would say. I swam slowly, planning every word:

"So now it's somebody else, a new little somebody. One wasn't enough, so you decided you had to have a pair, is that it? Don't I know by now the way that high-minded brain of yours operates?"

And when that one had clabbered in him I would ask him just who did he think he was, and did he think he could break it off in me, just like that, after all these years? Because if he did he might just as well try warming his feet in the moonlight.

I swam out until I could touch his foot and look up into his face. It was the baby-doll face you want to kiss but don't believe in, like the ones in the carnival, where the pitchman hands three baseballs to your beau and then holds his coat while he tries to knock the solid milk bottles off the pedestal where they're glued or maybe nailed down. And when your beau finally gives up and you walk away on his arm, the dolls are still there, row on row of them and each smile like the other one, and the pitchman is handing the baseballs to the next couple. When the carnival is gone and the colored lights are forgotten and the dust is finally out of your nose and washed from your ankles, the baby-doll faces are still with you.

FOR the first time that day I was comfortable. My legs were cool.

He reached down and took my wrists and pulled me out of the water onto the raft beside him. What took me so long, he wanted to know. I lay on my back and let my breath come through my mouth. My hair was pasted to my shoulders, and water ran onto the hot boards beneath me.

There was all the distance there is in that sky above me. There was a certain comfort in looking up and thinking that if you didn't hit a star or something you could go in that direction forever, and there didn't have to be anything except the same old comfortable distance, and no heaven, nor any time.

"Did you miss me?" I says, thinking what a

snake he was. Thinking: I should know it by now. And he came between me and the sky, down over me. He wore green trunks, and above them there was a fold in his stomach. "You got a spare tire around the middle," I says, and thought how long ago it was when he was slim. And he kissed me. He kissed again, he kissed my ear. I looked up at the sky again, and there was nothing there, and he kissed and I kissed. "Did you miss me?" I says again.

"I will always miss you," he says.

"It's not me you miss, Denny Smith."

"Whatever it is, I missed you. Let's go in the house."

"No," I says, and he kissed. He leaned away, and when he came back I put my hands against him and looked at my fingernails, like red fruit growing in the hairy midst of his chest. I pushed and dug my nails in his flesh.

"Inside, we'd better go inside," he says.

I said I wanted to swim. "You don't," he says. But I pushed from under him and crawled to the edge of the raft and fell in the water. I floated with my face down and my hair behind. I heard him splash, and then he came near me and pinched my leg gently under the water. I pulled up and breathed. "You're not swimming," he says. And I swam toward the diving board, thinking what a snake, remembering the sly, the sneaking look of him, part-way snake and part-way suck-egg dog. But like I say, it gets to be love, and you can't make yourself forget it all the time because there is no controlling the memory. I didn't feel like it, but when I got to the diving board I climbed up the ladder and dived again from the end of the board. He was coming from the raft when I came up. Nobody but Denny Smith Sneed would side-stroke that way, like a preacher in for a Saturday swim, maybe pondering his sermon. He swam like it was all for his health and not what he had on his mind.

We got out, and he got the towels off the chairs, and I rubbed my hair and tied it in a towel. I sat in a low-slung deck chair and leaned back against the warm canvas while he went to the house. Before he came back I saw the old Negro woman, the one that kept house for him, walking fast down the road, and I knew he had told her she could go early. He came back with the drinks and we had three, until the gnats were too bad. Then we went inside.

He always could be grand when he wanted to be. Would I like a salad? I said yes, and he went back in the kitchen. I watched the lake through the picture window for a while. The sun was setting beyond the puffy rim of saplings on the far shore. The sky held a mystery of fading stillness, and in its last light crows were flying across

the upper end of the lake, where it was shallow, and swooping at last into a refuge of trees. I went back and took off my bathing suit and let water in the tub for a bath. I was through and had put my robe on when he came and said the salad was ready. "You rotten snake," I says. He laughed. The air conditioning made it too cold in the breakfast room, and he went back and turned it down. It was always that way. When I wanted to be mean he was sweet and perfect, always doing just the right thing; and when I wanted to be sweet he was crude and made me hate him.

THE wall of the breakfast nook was glass brick, and the last of the outside light came in, making everything dusky and soft. He put candles on the table and lit them. I was barefooted. The tiles were cool to my feet. It was like being a kid again. Barefooted I walked past their old house when I was little, the house where the Sneeds lived, three stories high with a tower like a place for witches. In the tower there was a stained-glass window. I wanted to go inside the house. And sometimes when I passed it, looking at the tower, I thought of myself playing in the house and of all the far things that could be seen looking out of that high window. After I was in high school and Denny Smith began to date me I remembered the window, and one day I climbed the steps to the landing where the window was, expecting it to be high, expecting to see all over town. But the window was stuck and Denny Smith couldn't open it, and the only way to look out was through one of the glass panes that had been broken out, about the size of your fist. But when I looked through the hole it was a disappointment because there was a tree in the way, and then I knew it would never have been possible to see all those far things I had imagined.

After I had looked out awhile he led me up the steps from the landing to the third floor, where the ballroom was. It was the part of the house they never used, and they never had a dance up there that I know of. There were benches all around the walls, and to one side there was a large storeroom where they kept broken furniture and the kind of junk you always expect to see in attics. I had never felt so alone with him before, and we took off our shoes because he said if we made too much noise somebody might come up the stairs. There was an old gray velvet couch, and when he wanted to lie down on it I ran out in the ballroom, barefooted, and Denny Smith came after me. He tried to put his arms around me, and I gave him a quick push so that his socks slid on the floor, and he fell. We stopped breathing and

listened, but no one came, and I ran again and he chased me.

I says, "Why did you bring me up here?" And he, "Because you wanted to come." And I, "Just the tower, I just wanted to see it." The little determined grin was on his face, and he says, "Well, you saw it. Now let's look around in the closet a little bit."

I said no, but we went to the closet anyway, and then he said just lie down, that was all, and when I did he unscrewed the light bulb and it was pitch-dark. I made him fix it again, and he was mad and called me a silly little bitch. With that I let him have the working girl's protection right across the mouth.

It shook him clean down to the taproots. He drew back into that dumfounded instant of astonishment which is just the length of time required for one of his breed to size up the situation all over again. But being young I took it he was whipped. A voice from the stairway interrupted his calculations, and I heard his breath suck with another little sigh of surprise. "It's Mama," he whispers. "Wait a minute."

She called again, and I heard her climbing the stairs. She'd take three steps and call. He got up and ran out across the ballroom to the head of the stairs. I heard them talking, and I knew what she would think. "We'll be right on down," he says, and then she said something else and I heard her steps trailing away, back down the stairs.

When he came back I said he could lie down beside me just for a minute. He lay down beside me on the couch, lying still, his lip swelling, and I was sorry. He saw it right away, and right away he tried to unbutton the front of my blouse.

"Hey, what are you doing?" I says, pushing him away.

"Don't worry, she's gone to the market."

"But she'll come back."

He gave a little laugh then, a dry little sound. "Yeah," he says, "but, see, she can't climb those steps anyway, not all the way up here."

"What?" I says.

"It's her heart. She's afraid to try it."

And that's the way he figured everything, just the way he had mentioned the lake when I called on a hot afternoon, knowing how I'd come right out. It was a sure thing, and for him life was a series of them, because he always figured beforehand.

HE LOOKED across the table at me and grinned. Behind it he was thinking about Memphis, probably congratulating himself now on how well he was handling his affairs. More salad? He extended the bowl. "No thanks," I says.

He got up and came back with the coffee and poured it.

"You got it all figured out, don't you?" I says. He set the percolator on the glass-top table by the wall. There was a vine growing out of a brass planter on the wall above the table, and it trailed down, dark as a serpent in the candlelight, the leaves looking brown instead of green.

"What's that?" he says.

"Life," I says.

"For example?" he says, trying to test the wind.

"Well, you're a big lawyer, and you have this little shack here, you wear nice clothes. After a hard day in Memphis you come back here, and you have a nice swim and a few drinks, and your girl comes out to furnish the everything else."

He got up from the table, looking like a little prize fighter in his white bathrobe. He took his coffee and went by me toward the living room.

"I don't know what all this is leading up to," he says from the living room, and then I was sure he knew exactly what I meant.

I left my coffee on the table and followed him. He was hunting records out of the blond-oak cabinet under his high fidelity set.

"It must be pretty nice to live out in the country this way and order it like you get a bacon, lettuce, and tomato sent over from the drugstore."

"You're right." He was still squatting, not turning his head, the records clattering like plates as he dropped them on the carpet. "It's awful damn convenient," he says.

"You rotten bastard," I says. There was a lot more inside me to say, but I choked it back. I went to the window. Beyond the glass was darkness. I looked down. There was a crystal bowl on the window ledge, half filled with water. A white flower floated inside it on the surface. It turned slowly, fanned by my breath, beautiful and white, like a bride's bouquet. They'd be out at the country club tonight, those girls I had grown up with, dancing with their husbands and the other husbands, all safe and sweltering beside the jukebox. And the records that played would be the same records that had been playing two months ago, but no one would notice. Why should they care? Back when Denny Smith Sneed started going steady with me they had their steady beaux too, but the difference was they got married and I stood by and reached for that bride's bouquet, fighting for it at first, because when you're eighteen you can't know when there's no use fighting at all. And finally, by the time I was twenty-five, when I didn't want it, they were aiming it straight at me. I caught it for the last time one June night, and they were all married.

Denny Smith continued to court me while his hairline moved back a little and the pimples

cleared away and he gained a little more weight. But it was all so slow, like trying to detect movement in the hour hand on a clock face, or trying to know the moment when the trees all turned green in April. It was a spinning sensation, like a slow entry into a whirlpool, until, when you finally realize what has you, it's too late. It's too late and you're being drawn under the surface, spinning. But looking down at the flower it came clear to me now, clear as crystal, the endless depths all clear beneath me now.

I say they ought to hang signs on all males above the age of fourteen saying, "WARNING! If you sleep with this thing long enough it will become love."

I was feeling miserable. He started the music and stretched out in a chair that tilted him back like the ones in a dentist's office, until all he could see was the ceiling, and the music rumbled out of the record player. Denny Smith might have been dead the way he looked. I walked across the carpet, cool and thick and, like grass, comfortable under my feet. His brown hairy legs stuck out from under the robe, and his slippers had dropped to the floor.

He'd die now before he'd come up behind me like any other man and put his arms around me and ask what was the matter. Instead he digs out the saddest music he can find and tilts back in the oddest chair in the whole room, staring like a frog, straight at the ceiling, hardly blinking his eyes. And to beat it all, he's too good for Somerton now, after all these years.

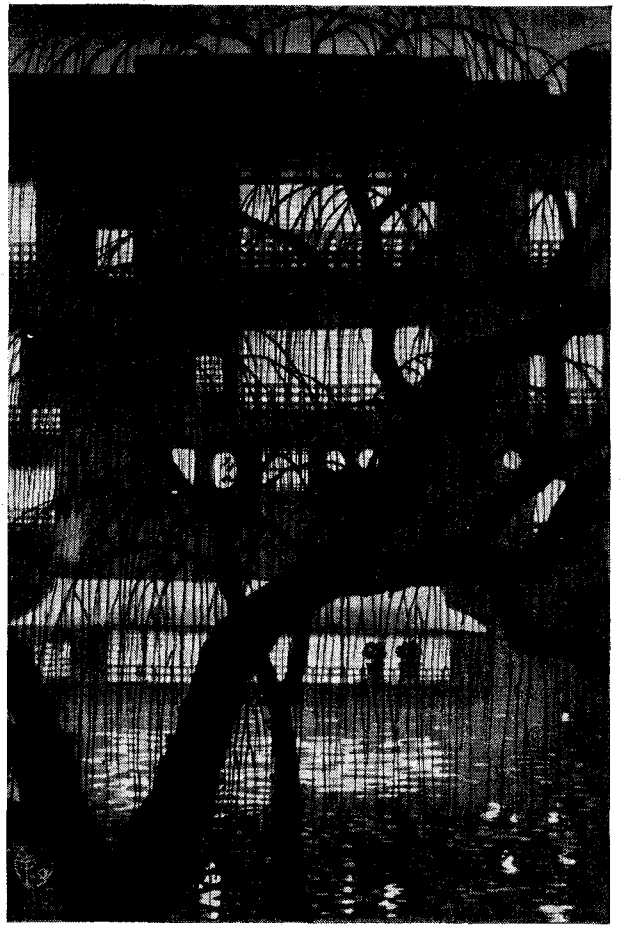
I pulled the chair down so it sat him up, and he looked in my face. There was a strangeness there I hadn't ever seen before. It came to me that he really didn't care, and it was like he had never known me. It was everything that had gone before suddenly washed away. It was the place you used to know when you were a kid and that later you tried to find but couldn't. It was coming back after a long time to something you have dreamed about returning to and finding a filling station where the house had stood and a road where there had been green fields, with new people, new sights, and a strange sky.

I turned around and walked slowly back to the window. I looked out and tried hard to see the lake, but it was too dark. I was numb all over. Nothing — none of it would ever be the same. I slipped my fingers inside the bowl and lifted it up. I threw it hard against the wall, and it burst there, exploding into white petals and little pieces of glass. I turned to look where he was. He hadn't moved. The music filled the whole room, drumming like rain against an awning.

If only he would move, I thought. If only he would do something.

JOHN ASHMEAD, JR.

Professor of English at Haverford College and famed for his skill in reaching the undergraduate, JOHN ASHMEAD, JR., who speaks Japanese and who served with our naval forces in the Pacific during World War II, was sent on a Fulbright for a year of teaching at Osaka University of Foreign Studies. His encounter with the Japanese students and his appreciation of university life in Japan invite an interesting comparison with the way things are done in America.



These were my Japanese Students

IN THE Middle Ages, and especially in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a curious unofficial order of wandering monks and scholars came into existence. They roamed about the known world, "testing men's peculiar ways," as they sang in their *Song of the Vagrant Order*.

Now, on Smith-Mundt grants, on Fulbright grants, and on numerous unofficial engagements, American scholars are wandering over the world. Each year, mainly by foreign currency sales of its surplus farm products abroad, the United States manages to provide as much as \$800,000 for lecturers in my own field of American civilization alone. The private expenditure may be as large. I wonder how many of us realize the full potential of this new order, for peace and for man's progress.

In Japan I was Fulbright lecturer at Osaka University of Foreign Studies, teaching and doing research in the field of American literature and civilization. At most Japanese universities the college calendar is composed from week to week, not a year in advance as in America, and at times this happy-go-lucky procedure results in a baffling

succession of holidays. I arrived in such a holiday season, and after a magnificent welcome I had almost no classes at all for three weeks. I was asked by my new students to use this opportunity to coach them in an English-language play they were rehearsing. They already spoke their lines well and had learned their stage directions. I could not understand why my services were needed. Then we came to the climactic scene. The script called for a passionate embrace. The students halted and looked toward me.

"We don't know how to kiss," they explained. "Lovers don't kiss in Japan." They pointed to the class beauty, who was playing the lead. "Show us," they respectfully asked me.

In all my researches in American civilization it had never occurred to me that, in some parts of the world at least, Americans, even American professors, are regarded as Great Lovers. Somehow I found a middle way between the Fulbright Code and the Stanislavsky Method, and my students won first prize in the intercollegiate dramatic competition.

Print by Uehara Konen. Courtesy of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

I learned that the wandering scholar had best have a dancing as well as a roving foot. Again and again at academic parties in Japan I was called on to give my native Indian dance of the Thunderbird, supposed to bring on rain. When I left Japan and the new Fulbright lecturer came to replace me, the president of the university, the vice president, the dean, and the chairman of the English department had a hail and farewell party for the two of us in Kyoto, in the famous old geisha district by the banks of the Kamo River, well known in Japanese song and story. As a special honor, a *maiko*, or debutante geisha, was present. She was a charming creature, and each of us in turn, the president, vice president, dean, and the chairman of the English department, followed by the two Fulbright lecturers, danced with her the fashionable game-dance of baseball. I struck out.

I LECTURED in a World War II Japanese army barracks, with gunracks around the walls, collapsible chairs and lecture platforms, and full draft ventilation from the broken windows. I taught in my overcoat and learned how to express noble thoughts about American literature when my feet were freezing. At such moments only the best of one's scholarship seems worth preserving.

Japanese constitutional reform was a popular subject of debate the year I was in Japan. As we discussed in my classes what the Japanese could learn from America's struggle to write its own Constitution, the coldness of the classroom became irrelevant, and the American Constitution came to life for me in a way it had never done before.

When I arrived in Osaka, the university library contained only twenty-three books in American literature. In fact, my guess would be that in this influential city, the public libraries (aside from the valiant efforts of the American Cultural Center) contained but a hundred books in American literature.

When I left Japan, the university library had more than a thousand dollars' worth of new books in American civilization and literature and many used volumes provided through the generosity of the Asia Foundation. I often wonder what would happen to American prestige if we were to ship abroad more books and fewer bombers.

The books were not an unmixed blessing. First I had to persuade the librarian to allow the students to take books out of the library. Then I had to make the students promise that when they needed money for food they would borrow it from me rather than sell the precious books. And finally I had to spend two days at the Osaka cus-

toms house drinking tea and swearing that I was not myself an importer and seller of books.

Now that I am back in America, it seems miraculous to be able to teach and study in heated rooms and to have books. One American college student told me that he and his fellow students did not appreciate heated rooms or library books because they had done nothing to earn them. I was reminded of a poem I learned in Japan, a *senryū*: *chōai ga sugite ningyō no kubi ga nuke* — "From too much love the doll's head came off." Are we spoiling our American students, like a child with a disastrously beloved doll?

I was amazed to discover how much time I had in Japan, and was expected to have, for my own research. Then I realized that I was not constantly being consulted by students on study habits, automobile accidents, love affairs, how to take notes on lectures, how to write a paper, and the subject to choose for a paper.

Though I met students socially, I was not expected to hold evening office hours or to supply motivation for studying. I was not supposed to interest students in their subject. I was not in the position of having somehow to arouse them or stimulate them into intellectual activity. For teachers in Japan believe that boys and girls of college age are adults. All that is taken for granted. What would happen in our American colleges if we suddenly stopped counseling and advising and quizzing students and treated them as adults?

It was most startling, also, to observe the respect for the *sensei*, or teacher, in Japan. Part of this respect may have its origins in a very different system of university government. To my chagrin I discovered that my foreign colleagues regard American university government as undemocratic. At several of the Japanese universities with which I had dealings, a genuine, tender concern was expressed for the various administrative difficulties which the president faced. Again and again the professors said that they must help their poor president as much as they could. When I pursued this subject more closely, my Japanese friends explained to me, "Of course we're sorry for him. We elected him." When pressed, I could not name a single American college or university faculty which had the right, taken for granted in Japan, to govern itself.

In Japan, a poor country, professors can publish anything they want to write. In America a professor may have to pay for publication of his books or articles, even if the subject is science.

In my first month in Japan I wrote a column for the leading Japanese newspaper on autumnal thoughts in Japan. During my last month I delivered a radio address over the major Japanese network on the subject of F. Scott Fitzgerald.

And the network and the newspaper were eager to have me do these assignments. My English department colleagues in Japan were provided with funds so that each man could publish at least one article a year. I subsequently edited these articles to appear in a book. Can you name a small college in America which does anything comparable?

IN WINTERTIME in Japan, I could afford only enough heat in the evening to enable me to move my fingers as I typed. But I was lucky, for my students and the other teachers had no heat at all. They studied at night wrapped up in bedquilts. Their lack of energy was made worse by poor, almost starvation diets and by the necessity for commuting three, four, or five hours a day on crowded trains because of the housing shortage.

Recently an American student remarked that life at an American college is impossible without a car. The last time I checked statistics at a representative American college whose students are neither rich nor poor, I found that over half the students had cars registered at the college, several had two cars, and one had three. None of my students in Japan had cars. At each meal an American college student, often grumblingly, eats four or five times the food a Japanese student can afford to buy. In Japan a student's lunch consists of noodles in soup, topped off with a raw egg.

Japanese professors spoke freely to me of the difficulties of higher education in their country. The standards of the elementary and high schools are admirably strict, but the standards of many Japanese universities, aside from their very tough entrance examinations, have had to be relaxed because of the turbulence of life created by the war.

An economics professor at one of Japan's oldest and most famous universities went so far as to say that matriculation was equivalent to graduation and that little or no work was required of his students once they had met the entrance requirements. A professor from one of the post-war universities said to me bluntly: "I used to give low grades to students who did not work, but then I found it was hard for my students to get jobs, so I gave higher grades." This statement must be judged in the light of the fact that a job in Japan is a matter of life or suicide not just for one person but for a whole family.

One student summed up the situation thus (I keep his exact words): "There are too many students, and they are only idler in the society, I know well; but on the other hand I had to plunge myself into useless effort to the entrance exam as almost all Japanese boys did or do, and since then I have been in this dilemma. Perhaps

about three years later I shall graduate from the college, if particular accident never happens, and shall have no alternative but to be a member of 'the white collars' that is now overflowing in Japan." Ironically enough, part of the trouble has been brought about by ill-advised American educationists of the teachers' college variety, who urged the Japanese to add an unneeded fourth year to Japanese higher education. Japanese students can ill afford that year, unnecessary in any case in countries with a respectable high school system such as Japan has. By tacit consent, the student normally spends the second semester of his senior year away from the college, hunting for a job.

Whatever the cause, the result is a certain indefinable laxity in the character of Japanese higher education. From conferences with teachers, I know of the efforts being made, slowly and with much hard work, to improve these conditions.

What concerned me most as a teacher in Japan, however, was the underlying pessimism of the students. One of them said to me: "First, about religion. I am impious. In fact, I didn't think about it so seriously either. Secondly, about society. I know saying 'honesty is a best policy.' I don't always believe it — not to think seriously about anything is better." And another student summed up the feelings of many of his generation when he said, "Sometimes pessimistic ideas possess me violently, and I want to do nothing." A third young man told me, "Generally speaking, a college student should be hopeful, but I think the greater part of us is quite hopeless in heart."

They all agreed that what makes people in America optimistic is their wealth, their natural resources. When the Japanese had the empire, they said, when they had the coal and iron of Manchuria and the oil of South Asia, they had the resources they needed to enable 90 million people to survive in a land the size of California.

From interviews with Japanese government officials about population problems, about prospects for future trade and industry, about the percentages of college graduates who were unemployed, I knew I could in honesty give no optimistic or easy answer. Finally, in quiet desperation I said all that, as a teacher, I could say: "Your real resources are in your heads."

The only sad part of being a wandering scholar is the necessity for saying good-by to friends whom one knows one will rarely, if ever, meet again. My fellow American instructor refused to come to the farewell party given for me by my students because, he said, the students should not spend thirty cents each on the party — more than enough for a whole day's food. But the chairman of the English department explained that al-

though the students were poor, this would be an oasis for them, something to remember, and he urged me to go. It was an odd and embarrassing ceremony. Student after student arose, in neatly patched black uniform, and told me exactly what he had learned from me. Fortunately Japanese students are very polite. My best student rose to speak. I waited for some tribute to my skill in teaching English, or perhaps a compliment about my irony and humor. With an engaging smile he said that he had learned, from student festivities at my house, one very important thing, perhaps the most important thing in life: how vital it is to marry a beautiful wife.

During the course of the year one of the boys had written a very disquieting essay. Innocently enough, when my advanced class was reading Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*, I had asked them to write on what they remembered of when they were about Huck Finn's age. I had overlooked the

fact that, for most of my students, when they were at Huck's age Japan was in that final desperate year of atomic holocaust, surrender, and starvation. And this boy had written: "As a child I was taught both at school and at home to live for the sake of the living God, or Emperor Hirohito. I fancied that I was ready to dash into flames in His place, if need be. . . . But our surrender ten years ago put an end to our dream, since the one in whom we put most faith had proved to be a mere nothing. Now most of us haven't been able to find anyone or anything to heartily believe in. One may say I live just because I dare not kill myself."

He now said quietly only a few words: "We shall always remember that you once told us the real resources of Japan were in our minds." I often think of that Japanese boy whose hero Emperor was defeated and who must now, as a young man, painfully find something to believe in.

A VIEW OF JAPAN

BY JAMES KIRKUP

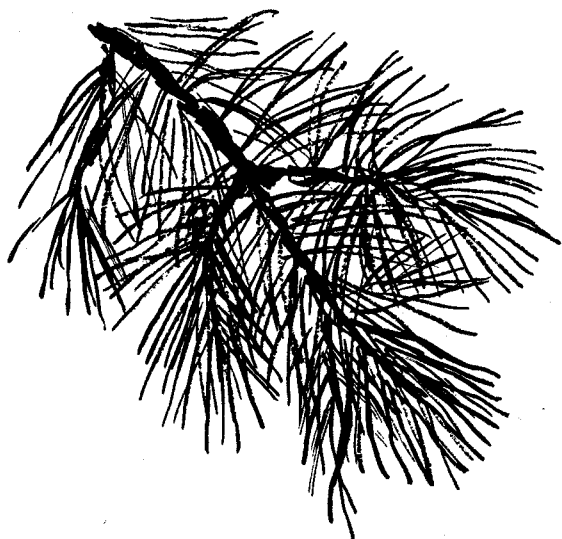
These horned islands that the passing seas
Rake and rumple to their dragonish end
Are muscled with mountains, light
With lakes where long, vermilion bridges bend.

The leaning pines of ravaged bays extend
Such male, inventive headlands, cocked
At the salty tip like temple roofs:
Hilltops are tiled with knotted water plots.

Hokkaido, tufted devilfish in ragged rocks,
Honshu, rough-spined, vigorous eel,
Shikoku, a ribbed and plated crab, and green
Kyushu, sea horse on a capering keel.

Medieval monsters, sea chevaliers in scaly mail,
They thresh in the pale-jade foam of atlases, and toss,
Like poems, the rich ejaculations of the lesser isles,
Carelessly work and wanton, energetic, handy boys.

These crusted urchins leap with antic noise.
Eloquently silent, the sea displays them like a fan
Of paper, blossomed with the spuming earth —
The neat, tremendous garden of Japan.



NICHOLAS T. MIROV

A Siberian who attended the Institute of Forestry in St. Petersburg, NICHOLAS T. MIROV immigrated to the United States after World War I and earned his graduate degrees at the University of California. For the past thirty years he has been affiliated with the California Forest and Range Experiment Station in Berkeley and in 1958 received a gold medal from the Secretary of Agriculture for his work on pines.

THE FRAGRANCE OF PINES

WALKING through a pine forest on a hot summer day, or sitting by a campfire made of pitchy pine wood, perhaps you have wondered why pine trees smell "so good." Their tangy fragrance is reminiscent of something that is difficult to describe but unforgettable — almost nostalgic.

Pines do not possess bright flowers; they are not frequented by bees and butterflies. They do not need an alluring aroma to attract insects to assure their pollination. Their pollen is discharged from small, inconspicuous catkins; gentle breezes carry golden clouds of pollen grains from one pine tree to another, to those destined to produce seeds. Maeterlinck once called grains of pollen "those kisses of distant and unknown lovers." Foresters call those distant trees pollen parents.

The fragrance of pines is primeval. Compared to flowering plants, pines stand low on the scale of evolution. When they originated some 200 million years ago, fragrance had not yet developed to that exuberant degree which we find in flowers — in lilacs, in violets, or in mignonettes. In flowering plants there are hundreds of fragrant substances; in pines there are just a few.

The aroma of flowering plants is a complex blend of alcohols, esters, aldehydes, ketones, and many other oxygen-containing compounds. The fragrance of pines comes from much simpler molecules of hydrocarbons called terpenes, with a

mere sprinkling of oxygenated, more odoriferous derivatives. The difference between the fragrance of flowers and the fragrance of pines is about the same as the difference between an aquarelle painting and a wood engraving. In one the desired effect is achieved by using a palette of many brilliant colors; in the other the artist is limited to the black and white and to the elegance of his graver's strokes.

The fragrance of pine trees comes both from their bristly emerald crowns and from their predominantly brown trunks. The fragrance of pine foliage is derived from essential oils emanating from the small breathing pores of the needles. The hotter the weather, the more essential oil is discharged to the atmosphere. The composition of pine needle essential oil is very simple: mostly a pine terpene appropriately called pinene; to which sometimes is admixed another terpene, limonene, a common ingredient of citrus rind essential oil; and a dash of a terpene alcohol, borneol; and a couple of its esters. The result of this blend is a delicate and ephemeral piny fragrance.

The evanescent nature of pine needle oil is caused by its volatility. If you put a drop of pine essence on your handkerchief, the oil disappears almost at once without leaving a trace of scent. It lacks what perfume manufacturers call fixatives — those substances like ambergris which hold essential oil, releasing it but gradually.

Pine trunks also exhale essential oil, but in addition they exude resin. A minute injury to a tree, a tiny hole bored by a busy barkbeetle, a small wound made by a restless woodpecker, a wind-broken branch — all these unavoidable adversities cause resin to ooze from pine trees. Sometimes, perhaps too much pressure inside the tree's resin passages may force droplets of resin to the surface of branches, cones, and even the trunk itself. These little pendants of resin hang on the tree, refracting sunlight, breaking it into rainbows of color, and giving off a piny fragrance.

Resin, as it comes from pine trees, consists of three kinds of substances: volatile oil, commonly called turpentine; the nonvolatile part called rosin; and the high-boiling ingredients, which theoretically are volatile but which evaporate very slowly. They not only hold back the volatile oils, causing them to be more lasting, but they also, as perfume fixatives, have an unexplained and almost mysterious power to bring forth the full fragrance of the volatile ingredients and to soften their harshness. These natural fixatives also give off, themselves, a faint and pleasant fragrance — just like the fixatives of the perfume industry. The fixatives become more volatile with the increase of the outside temperature. When pitchy pine wood is burned, not only the volatile oils but also the fixatives evaporate completely, and the rosin itself begins to sizzle and burn and decompose, giving off its fragrance of incense. The Maya Indians of Guatemala still use pine rosin as an incense in their religious rituals. The Aztecs called Teocote pine the pine of the gods, and to burn its rosin was a privilege of priests and kings.

Volatile oil composition is different in each of the hundred existing pine species. In some it is very simple, consisting of the two most common terpenes, alpha and beta pinenes. It is sold in stores as paint thinner under the name of turpentine and is a product of the Landes region of France and of our own piny woods of the Southeast. Often, however, volatile oil of pine resin is so unusual in its composition that it can hardly be called turpentine. Volatile oil of lodgepole pine growing in the Rocky Mountains is almost pure phellandrene. Its fragrance is grassy. Italian stone pine, and some of our American pines, possess a strange and unexpected fragrance, the volatile part of the resin consisting almost entirely of limonene. The fixative part of this Italian pine is a sesquiterpene called maderene, which occurs also in one desert pine of northeastern Mexico. Then there is the magnificent ponderosa pine of our Western states, whose fragrance is determined by the presence of an unusually sweet-smelling terpene with a charming name — carene.

In the Sierra Nevada of California there grow two pines: Digger pine of the dry, hot foothills, and Jeffrey pine of the cool, high altitudes. Volatile oils of their resin have not a drop of piny-smelling terpenes; their fragrance comes from several aldehydes much diluted with a gasoline-like substance called heptane. Heptane alone possesses no more fragrance than cigarette lighter fluid. With the addition of the aldehydes it becomes pleasantly fragrant, filling the whole forest with a mellow odor which is described by some as vanilla and by others as pineapple.

Far above the Jeffrey pine forests, where patches of alpine meadows intermingle with huge granite boulders, grows a stunted white bark pine. It is called whitebark pine; its botanical name is *Pinus albicaulis*. Its exquisite scent comes from its resin containing terpinyl acetate, a common product of the perfume trade. Mellowed and refined by an unusually high amount of a gently fragrant sesquiterpene fixative and tempered even more by a bit of diterpene, the whitebark pine volatile oil gives forth fragrance not found in other pine communities.

On the dry and arid plateau of the Navajo country there grows a pine known by its Spanish name, piñon. Piñons are very fragrant, and their sweet scent is largely determined by small quantities of a chemical called ethyl caprylate. Strangely enough, this compound is also found in the higher boiling fractions of zinfandel grape brandy. Carefully blending ethyl caprylate with other fragrant substances, nature created a bouquet not found in any pine forests except those composed of piñons.

Carene-bearing ponderosa pine often grows together with aldehyde-fragrant Jeffrey pine. Some other pines with their specific fragrance may be intermingled with these two. The blended fragrance of several species of pines becomes so complicated that it cannot be adequately analyzed and described.

Why is there fragrance in pine forests? If it does not help pines to reproduce themselves, what then is its function? We do not know for sure. If we attempt to explain its purpose, our explanation would be no more than an anthropomorphic guess. Scientists may tell you that when a tree is under stress, when it is forced to shift from aerobic to the anaerobic type of respiration, then volatile oils and resins are formed and are an inevitable by-product, and their fragrance is just an attribute to the structure of their molecules. This might be true, but there is another function of fragrance in pines perhaps not even useful to the trees themselves and not intended by nature: to give soothing pleasure, what Goethe called *süsser Friede* — sweet peace to men.

IMPORT QUOTAS

United States restrictions upon imports of essential raw materials have been regarded with suspicion by other countries toward which we profess good will. HUGH G. J. AITKEN here examines our policy. Mr. Aitken has been assistant professor of economics at the University of California and a research fellow at Harvard and at The Brookings Institution.

A Shortsighted Policy

BY HUGH G. J. AITKEN

IN RECENT months the foreign trade policies of the United States have taken a decisive turn toward restrictionism. Barely a shadow now remains of the crusading fervor that enveloped the cause of liberal trade in the post-war years; instead our trade policies have become, in fact if not in name, policies of protection. Highlighting the change are the import quotas on oil, zinc, and lead. Discussed but little in this country, these restrictions are nevertheless fraught with questionable consequences for the economic health of the United States and for its relations with the other countries of the free world.

In 1957, with the Suez crisis safely past, we were told that it was necessary to restrict the importing of oil into the United States. Oil imports were therefore restricted by a scheme that was at first "voluntary," in the sense that the government threatened to use compulsion if the importing oil companies failed to do what it wanted. Subsequently, when certain large importers proved uncooperative, the restrictions were extended in coverage and made mandatory. Similar restrictions were also placed on the importing of lead and zinc, though in these cases the restrictions were never voluntary. In all three instances the justification for interfering with the normal flow of trade was the alleged probability that the national security would be adversely affected if the restrictions were not imposed. In the case of the oil restrictions, the "voluntary" scheme was further defended on the somewhat naïve ground that it involved little or no interference with the free enterprise economy.

Despite the fact that some of the largest American oil companies have very extensive holdings of oil reserves in other countries, and that a number

of American zinc and lead refiners depend on unrestricted imports of ore to maintain their operations at full capacity, the government's program of import restriction was accepted with surprisingly little domestic protest. Elsewhere, however, the reaction was more violent. Canada, Australia, Mexico, Peru, and Venezuela all protested vigorously, but with little effect.

The way in which the restrictions were imposed is significant. The classic technique would have been a sharp increase in the tariff. This is, in fact, what the Tariff Commission recommended in the case of lead and zinc. The method chosen, however, was to impose quotas, setting an upper limit on the amount that each importing company might bring into the United States annually. The advantages of this technique are obvious. The amount by which imports will be cut is definite and certain, which is an advantage for domestic producers in the United States. The severity of the restrictions can be increased or reduced by administrative decision, without the need for congressional maneuvers, which is an advantage to the Administration. Most important of all, the new policy seems superficially to be less at variance with the principles of free international trade, to which the Administration is nominally committed, than would a sharp increase in import duties. From the point of view of the exporting countries, however, the difference is negligible: access to the United States market has been rendered more difficult, the unpredictability of United States foreign economic policy has been once again demonstrated, and American economic nationalism has triumphed over the aspirations or needs of America's trading partners and allies.

Authority for imposing restrictions of this kind

stems from Section 7 of the Trade Agreements Extension Act of 1955, which empowers the President to "adjust" the imports of any article if he believes, after investigation, that the article is being imported "in such quantities as to threaten to impair the national security." Implicit in this statute, though nowhere spelled out, is a definition of the national interest. In practice the clause has been interpreted as giving the President authority to restrict imports of any commodity if it appears that the interests of a domestic industry whose continued operation is important for national defense are being threatened.

But is it not possible that our national interest and national security can be defined in other, less restrictive ways? For example, if the preservation of a certain industry is considered vital, is it necessarily required that it be preserved within the political boundaries of the United States? If the overriding consideration from the defense point of view is the *availability* of a certain resource in time of war — rather than merely its physical presence within the United States — might it not be in the national interest to encourage its development in contiguous areas to which the United States is certain of having free access? And is not this particularly relevant if the resource on which the industry is based happens to be available elsewhere at lower cost than in the United States? It is hardly necessary to raise more complex issues, such as what weight should be attached to the good will and welfare of friendly allies. The primary question is whether the defense of the United States requires that essential material resources be exploited within the political boundaries of this country.

This is far from being a purely academic question. Its relevance to current policy is particularly clear in the case of Canada. It is a recurrent complaint among Canadians that the United States takes them too much for granted. By doing so we injure our own interests as well as those of Canada. Let us remind ourselves that Canada is a major producer of lead and zinc ores; that it has in the last ten years developed into an important source of oil and natural gas; that these resources are available for export to the United States — in fact, must be exported if the Canadian industries are to remain prosperous. Add to these considerations the facts that Canadian producers of these resources can in the majority of cases produce their output at lower cost than can their opposite numbers in the United States; that the transport routes which link them to the American consumer, whether pipeline or railroad, are part of an integrated continental transport system, not as liable to interruption in time of war as are vulnerable sea routes; that the Canadian government is

anxious, for balance-of-payments reasons, to increase exports to the United States — put all these facts together, and it becomes difficult to understand how in any conceivable circumstances it could be in the national interest of the United States to cut itself off from this storehouse of low-cost, high-quality raw materials.

Certainly it would be unwise, for strategic reasons, for the economy of the United States to become dependent upon imports of oil from a politically unreliable area, such as the Middle East. But what sense is there in applying the same logic to Canada? The Canadian and United States air defense systems are now completely integrated and operate under a single command. Our Distant Early Warning radar system is located in Canada and can perform its vital function only by Canada's freely given consent and cooperation. In terms of continental defense planning, Canada and the United States are a single unit. There may be other arguments for restricting imports from Canada, but the argument that it is dangerous to do so for strategic reasons is nonsense.

The only justification for applying the same policies to sources of supply in both the Middle East and Canada is the principle of nondiscrimination. But discrimination is built into the strategic necessities of continental defense. All sources of imports are not equally secure and equally available. To treat all alike is to sacrifice our interests for a principle which must be considered obsolete.

Discrimination, in short, is built into the logic of our defense strategy. Belated recognition of this fact was shown at the end of April, 1959, when imports of oil reaching the United States over land — that is, from Canada or Mexico — were exempted from all quota restrictions. Whether this reversal will repair the damage done to our relations with these countries is doubtful. The fact remains, however, that the necessity for discrimination has been recognized. Presumably future import restriction schemes will be framed with this in mind.

It is purposeful, however, to examine the logic that underlay the imposition of the quotas in the first place. What justification was given for restricting imports of foreign oil? Memorandums submitted to the President by the Office of Defense Mobilization and reports of the special cabinet committee on oil imports make it clear that the national security argument was decisive. The emphasis in this argument was placed on the necessity for conserving not American oil resources but the American oil industry, which is a quite different matter.

On the face of it, if American oil resources are dwindling, measures to conserve these resources, so that they may be available in the event of some future emergency, might well seem an appropriate policy. Such a policy would normally lead to the maximum use of imported oil at present with a view to saving our own scarce resources from depletion. This would be real conservation. But the policy actually adopted is the very opposite of conservation. Restriction of imports will cause a rise in the domestic price of oil; a higher price of oil, instead of conserving our scarce resources, will encourage a faster rate of depletion, as domestic oil producers in the United States expand their share of the market to compensate for the excluded imports.

The true situation, however, is not that simple. Undiscovered oil in the ground is of no use to anyone, nor can it be called a national resource in any emergency. If we in the United States — so the argument runs — wish to be assured of supplies of oil in the future, then we must encourage the exploration for oil now. This means giving an incentive to our domestic oil companies to search for and develop new wells and new fields, and this incentive cannot be provided if imported oil is permitted to take over a larger share of the domestic market. Restrictions on oil imports will raise the domestic price and provide the necessary incentive for exploration. The point to be emphasized is that the justification for import quotas is expressed in terms of conserving an industry, not a resource.

This was made explicit in the report of the President's Special Committee to Investigate Crude Oil Imports on July 29, 1957. The authors of this report considered and dismissed three possible alternatives to import restriction:

1. To import foreign crude oil and store it in this country in depleted fields or elsewhere (discarded as costly and very difficult).
2. To enlarge government participation in exploring for oil reserves which, when discovered, would not be put in production (discarded as "contrary to the principles of free enterprise" and costly to the government).
3. To encourage increased imports in order that our own natural resources might be conserved.

This third possibility was discussed in the report at greater length than the others. In dismissing it, the members of the committee introduced a distinction between two kinds of mobilization base that, in its full implications for trade policy, cuts very deep indeed. The report stated: "A policy of encouraging importation as a means of conserving our petroleum resources would mean that in an emergency the Nation would be confronted

with all of the liabilities inherent in a static, as contrasted with a dynamic mobilization base, including the delays, waste and inefficiency that accompany efforts to strengthen any part of the mobilization base on a 'crash' basis." This distinction between a static and a dynamic defense base can, by logical extension, be used to justify the preservation, within the boundaries of the United States, of any industry whatsoever that contributes in any way to defense production. Resources that merely exist but are not currently being exploited cannot, in the event of emergency, be made available for use without a serious and possibly fatal time lag. Consequently it is necessary to maintain, on a continuing basis, the exploitation of any resource that may be required in emergency.

One may sympathize with the committee's objectives and yet see a certain dilemma in their position. It appears that an industry can be conserved only at the cost of more rapid depletion of the resource on which it is based. Depletion of a resource shows itself in rising real costs of production and in rising prices to the user. A determination, therefore, to conserve a vital industry in the interests of a "dynamic" mobilization base means accepting progressively higher costs for essential raw materials and a more rapid rate of resource depletion. These are consequences that can hardly be called desirable for long-run economic health.

FORTUNATELY, there is at least one alternative: to draw on the resources of contiguous areas, such as Canadian oil. The Canadian oil industry, still in its infancy, has already proved recoverable reserves of around 3 billion barrels, and only a fraction of the potential oil-producing area has so far been tapped. Development costs are lower in Canada than in the United States, and the average yield per well is higher. It now costs between \$1.15 and \$1.50 to find and develop a barrel of oil in the United States; recent Canadian experience gives an average of \$1.03. Production costs in Canada average 45 cents a barrel, as compared with about 70 cents here. Canadian fields are of recent discovery, and their potential yield is high. Official estimates of Canada's crude oil reserve potential have conservatively set the figure at 40 to 50 billion barrels. In recent years one out of every five new wildcat wells in western Canada has resulted in an oil find, as compared with a batting average of one out of nine in the United States, and newly discovered resources per exploratory well drilled have averaged 70,000 barrels in Canada as against 40,000 barrels in this country.

These oil discoveries have enlarged the resource base not only of Canada but also of the United States. The Canadian oil industry has been financed largely, though not entirely, by United States capital: about four fifths of the total investment, it is estimated, originated in the United States. Many of the larger companies involved are affiliates or subsidiaries of United States corporations, and the industry depends on sales in United States markets. Two pipelines carry western Canadian crude to refineries in the United States. One of these, the Transmountain Pipeline, would never have been built had not sales to the Anacortes and Ferndale refineries in the state of Washington been confidently expected. The other, the Interprovincial Pipeline, serves refineries in Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin, as well as Canadian refineries in southern Ontario. Any restriction on the flow of Canadian crude to the United States is immediately reflected in a decline in well-head prices in western Canada and a slowing up of exploratory and development drilling. This is an industry whose output will be available to the United States in all circumstances.

Considerations that are relevant for oil imports apply with even greater force to the quotas on zinc and lead. Imports of both these vital metals have been cut to 80 per cent of the 1953-1957 average. The arguments against restrictions on lead and zinc are much stronger than in the case of petroleum. In the case of lead and zinc, the United States is already a deficit nation and since the start of World War II has depended on imports to meet roughly one third of its requirements. Prospects for the future are that this dependence on external sources of supply will increase. There is still, of course, plenty of lead and zinc ore to be mined in the United States; we could meet our own requirements if we were to pay a price high enough to make the processing of low-grade or relatively inaccessible ores worth while, or we could, for some end uses, turn to substitute materials. But the cost would be a serious retarding of our industrial growth and a fall in our standard of living.

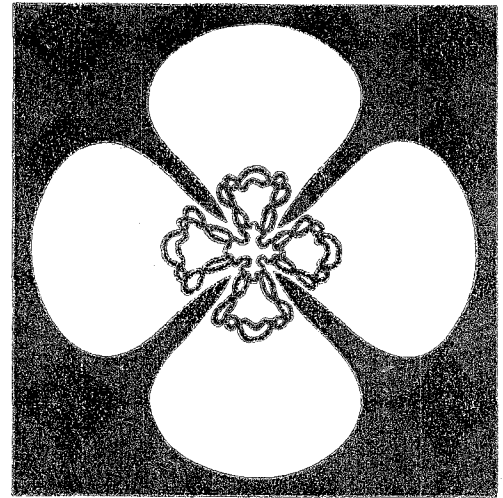
Canada and Mexico have large reserves of ore: Canada's developed reserves of lead, for example, are estimated at 6.5 million tons, as compared with 2.5 million in the United States, while its zinc reserves are set at 14 million tons of metal, as against about 8.5 million in this country. These reserves can be converted into usable metal at costs lower than most operators in this country can match. Average labor costs per ton of ore are actually higher in Canada and Mexico than in the United States, but costs per unit of metal produced are lower because ores mined in this country have a much lower metal content. Faced with ever

leaner reserves and rising costs, the American industry can meet Canadian and Mexican competition only by government-imposed restrictions on imports, either by tariff or by quota.

When, in an otherwise healthy and dynamic economy, a particular region or industry finds itself in trouble through no fault of its own, a reasonable case can certainly be made for temporary measures of assistance. But to take measures designed to maintain the status quo indefinitely is in effect to subsidize a particular interest at the expense of the taxpaying public. The circumstances which may conceivably justify a permanent subsidy of this kind arise when it is urgently necessary for national security that a particular resource be exploited. What is essential is that it be possible, even in emergency, to maintain the flow of production from oil well or base metal mine to refiner, to fabricator, to consumer with the minimum of interruption. But this does not mean that the flow must originate in the United States.

It is believed by some people that import quotas are preferable to an increase in the tariff because a quota is easier to get rid of than a tariff. Spokesmen for the Administration indicated in this connection that the quotas on lead and zinc were a temporary arrangement, to be succeeded by some more permanent method of price fixing. History suggests, however, that restrictions feed on restrictions. Certainly nothing has been said so far to suggest the existence in official circles of a disposition to think the philosophy of restrictionism through to its logical conclusion. But there can be no doubt that the consequences of mistaken policy in this area are likely to be of the utmost seriousness in the long run. This is not a matter of raising the tariff on clothespins or clover seed. In its most recent manifestations, restrictionism has been applied to some of the basic raw materials of American industry. A nation that willingly accepts artificially high prices for its industrial raw materials is risking not only its standard of living and its ability to compete in world markets but also its ability to defend itself. We cannot afford deliberately to weaken our industrial substructure; yet this is what we are doing when we prevent our industries from drawing their raw materials from sources that are both secure and cheap. We cannot afford to alienate our immediate allies, particularly those on whom we rely for long-range warning against attack; yet this is what we do when, in response to domestic pressures, we begin to whittle away at their sales to us. The United States must learn to accept the fact that, in terms of many essential industrial raw materials, it is a deficit nation and will become ever more so. Acceptance of this situation entails adopting policies that are consistent with it.

ERNESTA BARLOW



MY VISIT TO THE ABBOT

With the fearlessness and sympathy of her Quaker forebears, ERNESTA BARLOW has traveled the far places of the earth following up friendships which were begun under the auspices of the United Nations in New York. She is the wife of Samuel Barlow, the musician and composer, and the sister of Catherine Drinker Bowen.

NO SOONER had I signed the hotel register in Nara than I was handed a message translated from the Japanese. "Kojo Sakamoto, Abbot of Koyoshikojin Temple, Takarazuka," it read, "will send a car for you at three o'clock P.M. and heartily expects you to visit him in his monastery." No would I or wouldn't I, this was a royal command.

A year ago last winter the eighty-three-year-old Buddhist priest flew to New York, invited by the Metropolitan Museum. The object of his first visit outside Japan was to exhibit a portion of his private collection of Tomioka Tessai's paintings. We were so fortunate as to have him for tea at our house on Gramercy Park, and it was then he asked me to visit him should I ever come to Japan.

Prompt to the minute, the Abbot's car drove up to the hotel. Most thoughtfully he had sent a Japanese lady who spoke English, while formality also required a shaven-haired young priest dressed in black-and-white silk. This young man, the lady explained, immediately would succeed Abbot Sakamoto should the old man retire or die.

After a two-hour drive through orchard country, we reached the temple compound. I saw the Abbot standing at his front door smiling and wait-

ing for me. His hands were folded in the sleeves of a brown robe, and his ancient shaved head emerged from a pair of hunched shoulders like a turtle from its shell. Behind him a young priest held a red ceremonial band of brocade, which he dropped around the Abbot's neck at the moment we shook hands.

He led me first into a large room opening on one side to the temple garden. In Japan they describe the size of a room as a twelve *tatami* room or a twenty-four *tatami* room according to the number of *tatami* it takes to cover the floor. These are the conventional straw mats six by three feet universally used instead of carpeting. The Abbot has his *tatami* bordered in brown silk woven with his own crest in white.

Two priests dressed in white silk kimonos with full black gauze overskirts brought tea, and my host indicated I was to sit opposite him on a handsome red damask green-tasseled cushion. A priest knelt at either side of the Master, toes bent backward, the body resting on his heels.

Conversation was limited through stilted translation to polite inquiries about my trip, the Abbot's trip to America, and his hope of returning

soon. He had enjoyed air travel, although he had never before been in an airplane. I told him I was always terrified. "Why?" he asked. "You are in the hands of God. It is best to go to sleep."

Tea over, I was shown about. The house is perfection, a marvel of housekeeping and good taste. Every corner, every object betrays minute attention to detail. Since there was no sign of a woman about, who was responsible? The immaculate monks in their spotless robes, their fresh white socks? I was told that the Abbot's wife died four years ago after fifty years of married life. Sliding panels are of translucent rice paper with slender natural wood divisions, interior wall panels done in gold leaf, the frames black lacquer, and each fingerhold of silver with the Abbot's crest. The only pieces of furniture in any room are low tables made of either lacquer or polished wood with a center plank over three feet wide; handsome brocade cushions the only seats. There is not a curved line; every angle is a right angle. Bishop, or Abbot, Sakamoto — the titles seem interchangeable — owns a great art collection, chiefly paintings by Tomioka Tessai. In each room hang several examples of the artist's dramatic black-and-white *kakemonos* or one done in colored wash. These are changed every three days. Since the Abbot owns more than a thousand Tessais, his private show goes on for months.

In shallow wall niches, raised a few inches from the floor, are a rare bronze, a piece of pottery, a careful flower arrangement, an incense burner. I asked about everything and was answered in meticulous translation by the Japanese lady and by the Abbot with smiles and quick bows.

Would I care to see his vestments? The old gentleman believed they might be of interest to me.

"Please say I would be delighted," I replied.

His young priests, always in close attendance, brought out robe after robe of stiff brocade, scarlet, royal purple, white. Each dress was folded in tissue paper in a fine wooden box. Should he put one on for me? I said I would be most happy. The old man rose from the floor with the ease of an acrobat and stood while three monks dressed him. Over a fire-red robe with side pleats and sleeves to the floor was hung a piece of brocade five feet by four. It had taken three years to weave. Since temple services are conducted by a seated priest, I was shown how the cape is adjusted for this posture. Over red felt laid on the floor, one splendid vestment after another was spread out, each of a different weave and immensely costly. Given such care as this, they would last, I imagine, until judgment day. One weave was a mountain pattern done in many colors. Small panels were divided by brocade strips, the mountains made by tiny gathers pulled

tight. This cape is worn once a year, on April 28, Japan's greatest festival day. Could I not return for it? Japan would be most beautiful then with fruit and almond trees in bloom.

When the vestments were folded and back in their wooden boxes, a movie of the festival was put on. Twelve purple-robed priests marched chanting through the gardens behind their Master, he being more gorgeously arrayed than a Byzantine emperor. Standing on round straw mats they threw flowers, while crowds of Japanese in their best kimonos brought gifts of fruit and flowers to heap before the altar. The road leading to the temple was gay with booths where sweetmeats and temple gifts of all kinds were sold to crowding pilgrims. Koyoshikojin Seichoji is particularly popular because it may bring wealth to the devout. Presents are commensurate with the expectations of a visitor, so it is one of Japan's richest shrines.

"But do not think," the interpreter said, "that the money is all incoming. The Bishop's generosity is legendary in our country."

Should our sightseeing tour continue? Was I tired?

"*Doza, doza*," I said, "please, please." They all looked as delighted as if I had uttered a memorable aphorism.

In the Abbot's own room were long rows of wall cupboards containing his vestments. I was shown prayer beads of amber, crystal, rare Indian woods, each in its case with a little bag of lavender to scent the tissue paper. Ceremonial bands by the dozen were displayed, bands such as had been hung around the old man's neck when I arrived.

I saw his study, his writing table covered with pots of black and red ink and fat brushes of finest badger hair; the Abbot is an artist in calligraphy, his autographed fans given away by the gross to faithful followers of the Shingon-Sambo sect. On a stand, exhibited like some treasure, was a vulgar Western doll dressed in cheap pink silk, and next to her two exquisite geisha, their elaborate costumes of finest brocades.

WHILE I was dressing for dinner, a barefoot priest came to my room, silent as a snowflake, entered without knocking, bowed low, and indicated I was to follow him.

In the big room Abbot Sakamoto was smiling more broadly than ever.

"*Doza, doza*," he said, indicating the cushion opposite him. A gold-toothed Japanese gentleman stood at one side carrying a large silken bundle. He came forward, laid the bundle at my feet, undid the square knot, and spread before me glit-

tering gold obis, the kind made with a fingernail filed like a saw, one inch a day, and heavy crepe kimonos. I examined them with interest and said, "How beautiful, most lovely!" in a tone that could be understood in any language. Four more monks came in; they too sank to the floor and watched me. But something was wrong; the Abbot gave a sharp command to one of the priests, who swung to his feet, hurried from the room to return at once with the interpreter.

"The Abbot says, will you choose please," she said, "the things you like most."

My host's fine hand made a graceful gesture toward the silken pile. "He wishes to give you a present," the lady said.

This time it was I who bowed my head to the floor, whereupon everyone followed suit. "Please tell His Holiness," I said, "that I do not know how to thank him for his generosity."

"Try on, please," the merchant said.

I had to dress up in everything. Each kimono and obi was so lovely that the choice was hard to make, but I decided it should be a kimono. I really couldn't accept both.

"Which does the Abbot like best for me?" I asked. This decision took some time, everyone was consulted, it was important. Finally a heavy white crepe, elaborately hand-printed in a small red, gray, and black flower design, was agreed by all to be the most suitable. We both bowed to the floor, and my Japanese bow seemed to please the whole company immensely.

Dinner was announced. It was served by two priests. We had raw fish, cooked chestnuts, tiny whole fried eggplant, fish roe done in sugar, deviled crab, mushroom broth in a teapot, sake and beer, sliced raw abalone, lotus root, and small lily bulbs. At this point the Abbot gave two resounding Bronx cheers, and I thought of Dr. Johnson. "There is nothing so comforting to the soul," he remarked, "as a good belch well lifted off the stomach." The courses went on, finishing with cold rice, hot tea, pickles, and iced melon.

I got the Abbot to talk about Tessai. He spoke eloquently of their friendship, of the artist's recent death, of his great learning. "He read through 36,000 volumes of different books. You will see that his lofty character is represented by all his paintings exhibited here. He did one picture a day on rice paper."

"Did he paint on the floor?" I asked, having noticed other artists on hands and knees repairing screens in some of Kyoto's temples. All their work was spread out flat.

"Yes, Tessai always painted on the floor. Can you not distinguish in some of his pictures the mark of the *tatami*, which comes out like a faint rubbing?"

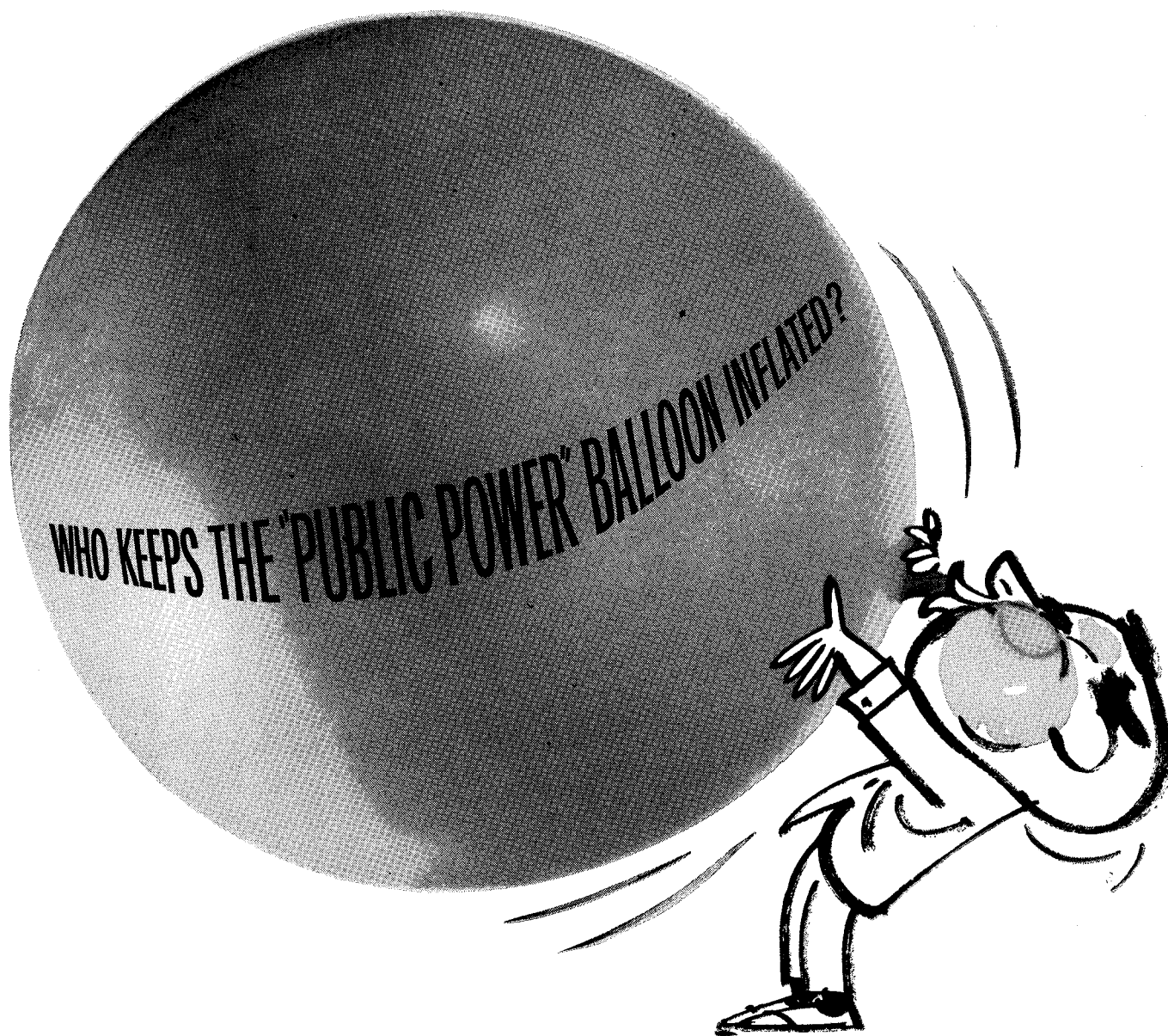
And now, before bedtime, perhaps I would like to watch a movie in the office wing? Of course, I said. The whole staff gathered, maidservants hitherto invisible and all the priests, to watch a most brutal picture of Japanese wrestlers. I couldn't look at it any more than I could watch an auto-da-fé. Two gorillalike giants set about breaking each other's limbs, gouging eyes out, and all manner of torture. I did, however, watch the gentle, kindly Abbot and the others. Not a face showed emotion of any kind.

After this I felt it must be bedtime. Probably everyone rose at daybreak for matins and such. Where please would I care to sleep? The room where we had dined perhaps? Yes, the Abbot thought that would be best; my bed should be made there and a bath prepared. The old gentleman superintended everything. Two brown damask mattresses were placed in the center of the big room after tables had been pushed to one side, and over them was laid a purple brocade mat tied with sea-green tassels. Next came a fine wool blanket, a heavy scarlet quilt of silk, and one of the little birdseed pillows of blue and white striped silk. Though these pillows are hard, they are not rigid. One monk brought a pretty floor lantern, another an electric torch, a third came with what looked like a glass of custard but turned out to be mashed banana, pineapple, and apple. With a thermos of ice water and a fresh pot of tea lined up on lacquer trays beside my magnificent bed of purple and scarlet damask, I felt like the princess in the legend and wondered if I could feel a pea through all the mattresses.

Was there nothing more I desired? The Abbot was still concerned for my comfort. Many, many thanks no, I said, but there was one thing, I too wished to offer a present. Would the Abbot accept a bedquilt — one of fine wool wadding, covered in China silk, all hand quilted? It would be very warm and weigh almost nothing. My idea seemed to delight the old gentleman. We bid each other a most formal good night.

They showed me the bathroom. It was divided into three sections: a dressing room, where I unearthed a mirror from behind closed doors, a second room with a wooden sink, polished brass dippers, basins, and a new cake of the finest scented French soap, then the bathroom proper. In each, vases of fresh flowers stood on the floor.

How I enjoyed my silken bed, with the sound of rain and a swollen brook sweet in my ears. Next morning at seven I pushed aside the sliding outer screens, looked onto a green garden with its well-trained bushes and trees, and walked back



Public opinion polls show that most Americans are not in favor of more federal "public power." They don't want the federal government to go deeper and deeper into the electric light and power business. They'd rather have the independent electric companies handle the job.

What keeps the "public power" issue alive is certainly not the American public—it's a handful of lobbyists and pressure groups.

Already, \$5,500,000,000 in tax funds have gone into federal "public power." This puts into government's hands about 1/6th of the electric industry's power production. And the lobbyists are pressing for some \$10,000,000,000 *more*.

This money would be spent unnecessarily. The many independent electric light and power companies of America are able and ready to supply all the low-price electricity the nation needs or will need—and *without* depending on taxes.

These companies have doubled the supply of electricity in the past 10 years, and will double the present supply in the next 10.

Heavy taxing to put the federal government into the electric business goes on only because most people don't recognize it for what it is. Nor do they realize they are paying for "public power." But it can be stopped by informed citizens.

Will *you* help spread the word?

AMERICA'S INDEPENDENT ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES

Company names on request through this magazine

to the bath to find everything in perfect order, fresh flowers on the floor, new towels over red lacquer racks. I pulled back a long dark-blue curtain that ran the length of an outside passage. The material also bore the Abbot's white quatrefoil crest as a large medallion.

At eight o'clock a gong struck calling the monks to early service, which I as a woman was not allowed to attend. I was dressed and preparing myself for a Japanese breakfast when one of the monks came for me. The meal was served to me alone, and I was given scrambled eggs with crisp bacon, fruit juice and buttered toast, and a fork. If not the Abbot himself, someone here thought of everything.

This morning the priests led me to the big kitchen in order that I might watch the making of rice dough and cakes. Pounds of boiled rice were put into a stone mortar; one man stood by with a heavy wooden mallet, another began kneading the rice. He lifted his hands, and whack! the mallet struck the soft heap. Quickly the rice was turned; down came the mallet again. The team worked faster and faster. Between each stroke the kneader dipped his hands in cold water so that the rice would not stick to his fingers; a third man now replaced the panting mallet swinger. I watched the rice turn to heavy, solid dough. When the men decided it was done, the white mass was placed on a floured board and a cook squeezed off round cakes. "Each must be precisely the same size," I was told, "then full trays are carried to be placed for some hours in the temple. Later, after being roasted over charcoal, the cakes will all be eaten."

I smiled at the anachronism of an electric washing machine, a refrigerator, and a new little red fire engine near the kitchen door.

A bright sun shone, so I could walk over the grounds, admire bronze gods, climb steep paths, see the smaller temples, and ask endless questions. We passed a bronze cow with colored cloths tied like bibs under her chin, gifts from children to ensure health and good fortune. Hundreds of paper prayers had been twisted to the branches along each garden path. Would I care to ring the great gong? Naturally I would. Grasping a heavy horizontal beam, I gave it a mighty swing.

We went into a small temple where books of accordion-pleated paper and boxes filled with prayers and scriptures for each priest were kept. Outside each shrine hung a multicolored gong cord. Those who come to pray clap three times before sounding the gong. Buddha might not give them his full attention otherwise. Under a shed was a pile of pink plaster gods like fat Kewpie dolls, representing the smiling God of Happiness. This image stands in every Japanese kitchen and is

renewed yearly. Next to the little gods was a second shed heaped with rusty tongs of every size.

"The age of forty," my interpreter said, "is a dangerous age. At this time a man places a pair of charcoal tongs before the God of Happiness. He leaves them there for three years. After this he brings the tongs to the temple, God having helped him to avoid bad things."

Just then a monk hurried up to say my kimono had come. Three women had worked the night through to finish and line it, every fine stitch made by hand. Seventeen men and women from the kitchen gathered to see me try it on. Then my picture was taken with the Abbot, who wore purple brocade. A moment later he disappeared, to return at the sound of gongs, resplendent in scarlet robes.

"It is the moment for your temple service, madame," I was told. "Bishop Sakamoto is giving one just for you."

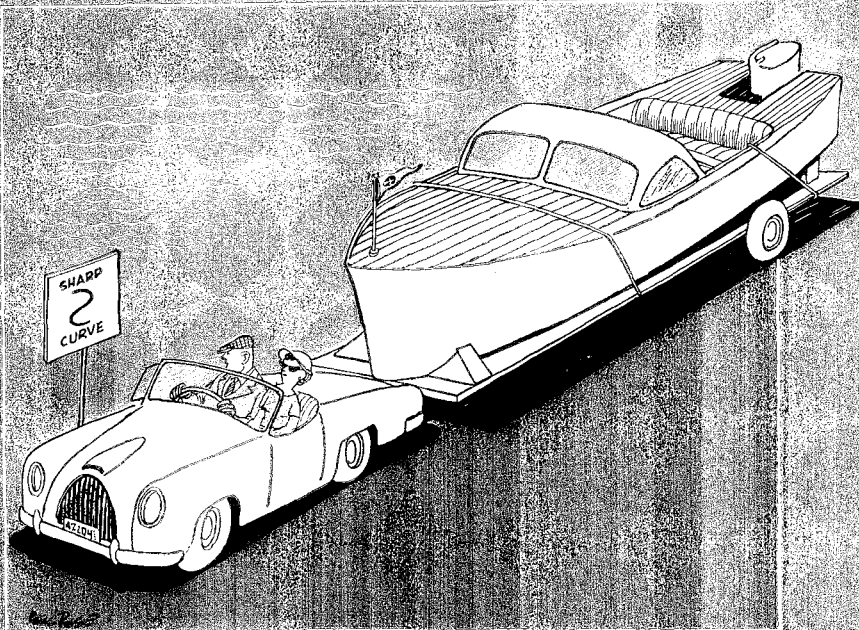
This was the final touch! Had ever a guest been shown such hospitality? I asked permission to take notes during the service. Here from my journal are the words I wrote:

The Abbot sits cross-legged on a low red lacquer taboret facing the altar. Scarlet silk cushions have been placed at a right angle to him for the Japanese lady and me. I watch his aged face become remote, his eyes are closed, he appears to have gone into another world. Two priests chant; they throw flowers toward the altar, then remove a fan each wears in the neck of his robe. There is a gold pagoda before the Abbot and dozens of polished brass cups; cymbals are struck and a high-noted gong, rosaries rubbed between each priest's tapered fingers. Tall candles are multiplied in countless brass ornaments. The Abbot is making curious gestures with his hands like the language of the dumb. Now in his left hand he takes up a musical bell, which he rings in even rhythm, then replaces it silently. Not an unintentional sound is made. He strikes once on a cup-shaped gong, raises the two forefingers of his right hand, as in a Catholic blessing; he even seems to make the sign of the cross, and his thin lips move in silent prayer. I remember that he came to this temple at the age of eleven and has been its Abbot for forty years.

Outside, the crowd pray on their knees, and they throw coins into an open box. While assisting monks chant prayers in Tibetan, the Abbot's dark-skinned shaved head is bowed, almost sunk inside his high white neckcloth. Now he reads a prayer aloud.

"He prays for you," my friend whispers, "for your health and safe return from a happy voyage. He has given you his blessing."

I feel sure it will protect me well.



Accent on Living

THIS is undoubtedly the biggest year ever for motorboats, and the only wonder is why it has taken so long for this form of recreation to hit its stride. Without arguing whether riding around in a power boat is a sport, one finds in it nevertheless an activity consonant with our habit of life: expensive, quite dangerous under certain conditions, and involving little or no physical exertion by the participants. Unlike golf, with all its tiresome swinging and walking, motorboating calls for no more effort than Sunday driving — indeed, to judge from the number of boats being towed along the turnpikes of a weekend, at an insouciant 70 mph, it combines the hazards as well as the ease of both road and waterway. (In New York state over the July 4 weekend, 50 per cent more persons lost their lives in accidents on the water than on the highways.)

What to do with the motorboat, once it is afloat, raises various questions. The small runabouts have a way of pounding fiercely. To put one at speed across the smallest ripples brings spine-thumping, teeth-clenching slams on its bottom, loud slams that seem to threaten the very structural integrity of the boat. The widening circles from a discarded cigarette butt are enough to make some boats pound; waves make them

pound even harder and more wetly. So, off goes the merry cruising party, sitting on the hard and narrow thwarts, knees under chin, to remain thus for several hours, ideally under a broiling summer sun. There is no way of getting up and stretching in a well-filled little runabout; far from shifting his legs for a change of posture, the passenger will find it hard enough to find a place to store his feet without involving those of his benchmate.

The bumps, and their effect on the occupants, will depend on what the host thinks of the others aboard. If he hopes they will come again, he seats them in the stern, where a more cushioned ride results from the hull's course through the water, and he himself will carry on from the bow by remote control. But if he has had enough of them — perhaps on the return leg — he will let them pound it out on the thwarts up forward while he lounges at the tiller unscathed.

The duration of an outing in a small runabout is not very long, regardless of how it may seem to the passengers as they bounce up and down. The fuel supply is limited, and anything like heavier seas in fairly open water is too rough for safety. So the cruise is usually around the same lake or inlet, or up

and down the same river, unless the owner decides to take his car and "trailer" (a verb in good standing with the fraternity) his boat to similar waters elsewhere. A move of this sort makes an impressive addition to traffic on the expressways: the owner, in his plaid cap and bright shirt, at the wheel of his convertible while the boat pursues a slightly more sinuous course on its trailer in the rear. In some states the trailer is not required to have brakes, and where the boat would go if the owner found himself obliged to make a crash stop is anybody's guess. To be overtaken by such a combination at high speed on the road, especially if the boat is a big one and heavy, is something of an adventure in itself.

Boat speeds on the water have gone up in recent years along with the boost in the power of outboard engines. Originally a small kicker intended to replace the oars, today's outboard produces up to 75 hp and will drive anything from a dinghy to a houseboat. But one doubts the good sense of a boating expert on TV who asserted recently that anyone who can drive a car can run an outboard. A few small considerations such as charts, fog, squalls, and the general art of seamanship might make a difference.

CHARLES W. MORTON

"My Wife Works . . ."

BY MARGARET WATERMAN

MARGARET WATERMAN teaches writing courses at Western Reserve University. This is her first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

Within five minutes I knew I was in a different world. I have studied languages before: the standard Latin, French, and German back in the 1930s. But this Russian class is different.

"Good morning. How are you today?" the instructor asked us in Russian. I hadn't a single doubt. We had always been *très bien, merci* when a French teacher asked how we carried ourselves. In German we had been *sehr gut*. But in Russian the answer was not "very fine, thank you." We were only fairly well, quite well, so-so. The comrade to my right informed me of his limited good health, and I informed the comrade to my left of my limited good health. And we were off on the cheerless path of beginning Russian.

Somehow life was gayer in my days of limited vocabulary in French and German. Or, if not exactly gay, at least cheerful. We talked about our families. ("Your father, is he a big man or a little man?") Or our clothes. ("Today I wear a red dress. At home I have also a blue dress.") In German we were inspired to conversation by an enormous colored picture. Though our vocabularies were not up to mentioning it in class,

we strongly suspected the family in the picture of having only one heated room, for three generations of the von Niemand family, several animals and birds, and all manner of furniture and extra food and clothing were crowded into that little room.

"What does the grandmother?" "She knits a stocking." "Hans sits on the floor. He plays with the dog. Herr von Niemand plays the violin. Maria eats an apple." And as long as our vocabulary held up, we went on discussing the contented Niemands in the cramped little parlor.

Through our French books, we came to know two devoted friends who spent a great deal of time and postage sending letters across the Atlantic. The visitor to Paris must have spent half his waking hours penning letters—even more if he wrote French no faster than we did. Sometimes we pretended to be writing home from Paris; sometimes we just talked about the cultural joys of Paris.

"I have just seen the Champs Élysées. It is a street very pretty. Today I have visited the Louvre, where one finds many works of art. In the evening I amuse myself at the theater. Tomorrow I shall go to the country." Jacques, as I recall, always went it alone in Paris. But my French teacher believed in togetherness, and plurals, so we moved in

groups. Once we visited the Eiffel Tower in a group of ladies only and practiced our feminine plurals.

But in Russia there is no such gadding about. No one plays the violin. No one eats apples or lolls on the floor with a dog. "Who you?" "I student." That much we learned the very first day. And after getting our mouths around that, we were easily coaxed into figuratively patting the Russians on the back for having done away with such frivolities as the article and the verb "to be."

Now, after a month, we converse daily. We are never cozy in Moscow, though, as we used to be in



Herr von Niemand's stuffy parlor. We are not wide-eyed, as we used to be seeking out cafés and theaters and shops with Jacques. With heavy feet (I always fancy mine in enormous Russian boots) we tramp about Moscow looking for other moderately well comrades to talk to. We meet Ivan Ivanovich and Pavel Petrov and citizeness Alekseeva. And we talk. We talk and talk. And we talk always about work.

"What you?" "I mechanic." "What your friend Peter?" "He doctor." "He engineer?" "He doctor and engineer. He genius." Sometimes we talk with a comrade about his wife. So far we are acquainted with no citizens who have offspring. "Your wife at home?" "No, she works at factory. She works day and night. She works very quickly. She works a great deal." Students work in schools. Wives work in kitchens, when not working day and night elsewhere. Doctors work in hospitals. Engineers work in factories.

I work at learning Russian. Today in a melancholy moment I sneaked ahead a few lessons to find out whether things were going to look up or whether the whole se-

THE MENAGERIE GOES FOR A WALK

BY ROBERT A. ROSENTHAL

Though more than beast, these poets boast of their unhuman minds
As coy menageries. He is less bard than barker who
Proclaims his tamed soul kin to what one finds
In aviary, aquarium, and zoo:
Tiger, eagle, panther, bear, skylark, snail, and all
That snuff and woof through hoops and waltz the wire's tense
Expanse, or lewdly glance through bars, or balance balls,
Perform in metered step their master's trained magnificence
And necessary pain, his captive lusts and high
Disdain of circumstance. How shall I advertise,
Against this three-ringed tedium, my circus? *I*
Have a cat that sulks in doorways and does not heed my cries.
No animals allowed. No cat nor dog though wind should rage
And blizzard bleach their pelts. Come, see an empty cage.



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mester would feel like the last act of *The Cherry Orchard*. But there it was again. I read the sentences under “Translate into Russian” — the only thing I *could* read later in the book. “We work all day at the plant without a rest. Only late in the evening do we go-by-foot back home. For breakfast we eat black bread. I work so much that I read nothing.”

For a moment I thought I saw a ray of hope. We were adding “street-car” and “automobile” and “go-by-vehicle” to our vocabularies. Now we would rest our feet. Now we would cease this pedestrian pursuit of comrades. “Do you own a car?” “No, I can live very well without a car. I go to work by subway.” “Who has a car?” “The engineer Pavlov owns a car.”

In the next sentence Engineer Pavlov is driving downtown. (On his way to the plant, of course.) Ig-

norant American that I am, I expect him to offer us a ride. But he doesn’t; he goes-by-vehicle straight by. (He is intent upon getting to the plant, where he will work very hard.)

So far we have not had “must” and “should” and “ought.” But we are braced for them when they come. “We should all work. We must work day and night. We ought to work a great deal. We must all become engineers.”

It may be next semester before we get to those verbs. But perhaps there will be no beginning Russian class, for by that time even the dumbest of us will have grasped the one great lesson our Russian grammar has to teach. We shall be studying to become engineers. We shall be working a great deal. We shall be working day and night every comrade among us — in spite of health that is only so-so.

Say That Again

BY R. G. G. PRICE

R. G. G. PRICE lives in Sussex and is a regular contributor to PUNCH. He writes for the ATLANTIC on a variety of subjects.

Whether Emerson or Elbert Hubbard or somebody else said it, the sentence still puzzles me. Listen to it just once more. “If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mousetrap than his neighbor, then, tho’ he build his house in the woods the world will make a beaten path to his door.” If the way you know it there is a wilderness instead of the woods, you must have a different dictionary of quotations.

I see these woods as rather like the woods in fairy-tale illustrations, the tree trunks all gnarled and the atmosphere secret and sly. The man and his neighbor, call them Hans and Pieter, live in two little gabled houses that are almost like trees themselves. Though Hans and Pieter help each other in a neighborly way with the chores that come from living in a wood — pushing fallen trees off the roof, driving herds of wild pigs away, that kind of thing — they are fiercely competitive. As they do not have any normal work to keep them busy, bar a bit of wood-cutting or charcoal burning, they

compete in anything that occurs to them. One morning Pieter wakes up in a literary mood. He calls good day to neighbor Hans and mentions that he is starting work on a book called *Distribution of Edible Fungi in Softwood Areas*. “Oho!” says the good Hans to himself and immediately begins *Foiled: A Tale of the Crusades or Morgue for Two or After Democracy, What?*

Writing keeps them both busy for months, but when the books have been sent off to a publisher the days



seem to drag. Then Hans sends across an invitation to attend a sermon he is preaching. I am not quite sure where he preaches it. Perhaps he is one of those nature mystics who think woods are like cathedrals and he delivers the sermon from the fork of a tree. Perhaps he just opens a window and preaches out of it. Or, of course, he might leave the

wood and hire a small church, possibly paying for it in truffles. However he delivers it, Pieter will insist on preaching too. The critics will decide which is the better book, but some kind of adjudicator will have to be appointed for the sermons. They choose a clergyman in reduced circumstances who is glad of the fee. He plumps for Hans, who has cheated by making his sermon shorter.

Pieter is furious. He decides to put Hans in his place once for all. He has always believed in his powers as a maker of mousetraps. One morning, when an occasional shaft of sunlight strikes between the thick boughs upon the twisted roots and mossy sward, he calls out, "Bestir thee, neighbor, gaze upon my beautiful mousetrap. Thou wilt not be able to make the equal of it in a hundred years." Coldly competitive, Hans hisses acceptance of the challenge.

The traps are made, but testing them is difficult as there are no mice. The little houses have little cats, and these keep mice away. Beyond the wood are fields, and these might contain field mice, but neither Hans nor Pieter knows what field mice eat. They unsuccessfully bait their traps with cheese. Although there are several odd-looking, furry creatures about the wood, unfortunately the rivals are not zoologists, and they agree that the test of a mousetrap is not whether it catches any small mammal but whether it catches mice. Finally they decide to write to a mail-order firm that deals in mousetraps.

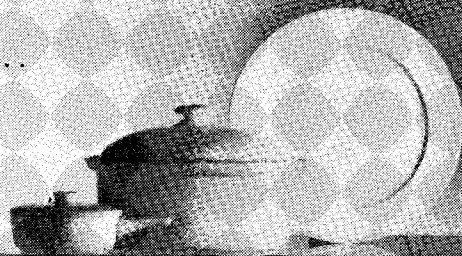
At some stage the rivalry ceases to be private. Perhaps the sermon adjudicator talks. Hans's book wins a prize, while Pieter's book is dismissed by critics as "Milk and water," "The longest yawn since the invention of printing," and "The world's worst buy." The mail-order firm scents publicity and dyes the mice before dispatch. They crowd into Hans's trap.

Hans and Pieter originally built their homes in the woods because they wanted solitude. They have always been proud that the wood is trackless. In front of their little homes stretches a tangle of roots, beech mast, moss, forest flowers, and woodland weeds. Suddenly the world invades their privacy. But the good Pieter is avenged. At least he is slightly better off than his neighbor.

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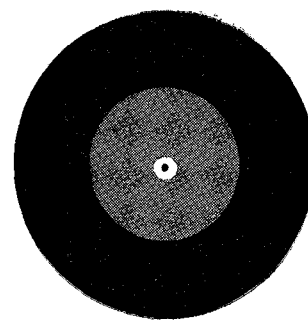
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The noise of the world disturbs him, but it is not making a beaten path to his door, while everything in front of Hans's is trodden down flat.

What a life Hans leads now. As soon as he begins work on a second sermon to prove to himself that his success was not a mere flash in the pan, there is a knock at the door and there stands a publisher demanding a new novel. Hardly has he wearily begun to write a new novel when the social secretary of a leading hostess arrives to say that her employer in future intends to have all her mouse-traps handmade and is sending a weekly order for ten. Scribbling, preaching, fumbling with the screw driver, Hans tries to persuade his callers that it is all a mistake: Pieter is the better man. He even sends a

message across to him, humbly asking him to slip in the back way and lend a hand. Pieter is not to be caught.

In the version where the neighbors live in a wilderness, not in a wood, I suppose they would be less like gnomes and more like hermits. Their sermons would probably be better, anyway. The damage would be worse. The world would spoil a wilderness even faster than it would spoil a wood. The moral of the passage seems to be that if you want solitude you should never be good at anything, though I am not quite sure whether its author realized it. Commune with nature or be good with your hands. If Thoreau had been good at mousetraps, what might have happened to Walden?



Record Reviews

BY JOHN M. CONLY

Beethoven: Symphony No. 2; Overture and Incidental Music for The Ruins of Athens

Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and Beecham Choral Society; Angel S-35509 (stereo) and 35509

There have been other good Beethoven Seconds on LP, but this is my favorite. Beecham has a special big way with early Beethoven, as he has with Mozart and Haydn, that yanks the music out of the eighteenth century and into our own. His larghetto movement here is ecstatically romantic, as it should be, and his finale crashes and flashes with stormy gaiety. The *Ruins of Athens* music is an equal revelation. Scholars dismiss it as a potboiler, and maybe it was, but what a wonderful potboiler! The Overture has a nine-note theme that haunts; the high-flown choral evocations really do fly high; the over-worked Turkish March is irresistible in its proper setting; the Chorus of Dervishes sounds like an earlier and merrier Polovtsian Dances. The Angel sound measures up nobly to the music, and the stereo version of the performance is convincingly spacious.

Blitzstein: Regina

Samuel Krachmalnick conducting Brenda Lewis, Carol Brice, Elizabeth Carron, other singers; New York City Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Columbia 03S-202 (stereo) and 03L-260: three records

Marc Blitzstein's *Regina* was first presented in 1949 and became at once Lillian Hellman's favorite opera, which signifies something rare. It is a musical adaptation of her play *The Little Foxes*, and playwrights seldom like the operas their plays engender. Blitzstein's music ranges in tenor from innocent pathos to

ON HAVING THE BACKACHE

BY R. P. LISTER

My back is like a kind of harp
Where withered fingers play a tune,
Or like a picture done by Arp,
With twinge-trees and an aching moon;
The pain in it is sometimes sharp,
And sometimes rounded, like a spoon,

And sometimes like a cushion, soft,
But bulging glumly in my back.
It stirred this morning as I coughed,
Like dying Gilda in her sack,
Or like a walrus in the loft,
That heaves and wobbles, huge and black.

My back is like a barbican
Battered by some prodigious gun
According to a Protean plan.
I need to wallow in the sun,
The kind of sun they keep at Cannes
And rarely send to Paddington.

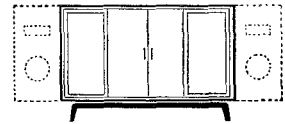
My back is like a kind of flute
Where withered fingers play a dirge;
And when I stoop to tie my boot
Some atrabilious demiurge
Utters a Pandemoniac hoot
And bops me with his knotted scourge.

I wish that I could hire a dray,
A tumbrel, or a massive wain,
And seven fellows whom my pay
Would tempt to lift my heavy pain
And haul it skillfully away
And never haul it back again.

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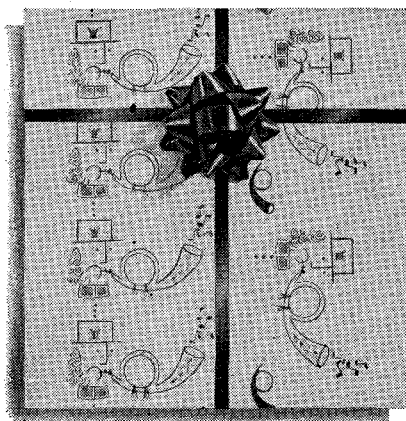


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bitter irony, very effectively. Some parts come across better than others, naturally, but Blitzstein has had much Broadway experience, which shines through plainly. You can understand the action always and the words most of the time. The New York City Opera is successor to the City Center, which has presented the work before and knows it well. Technically the Columbia production is beyond reproach; the stage atmosphere is very real. Perhaps special praise should go to Elizabeth Carron as Birdie, the romantic spinster, whom you can practically see.

Gershwin: Porgy and Bess (excerpts)

André Previn conducting Robert McFerrin, Adele Addison, Cab Calloway, Inez Matthews, other singers, and orchestra; Columbia OS-2016 (stereo) and OL-5410 Except for Cab Calloway, presented in lieu of Sammy Davis, Jr., this is made from the sound track of the Goldwyn film. The film has been acclaimed, but sound-track records are usually bad, and so is this one. Singing histrionics have to be played down or corned up on a wide screen; either way they are failures in the living room. If you really want a good recording of *Porgy and Bess*, buy Goddard Lieberson's 1951 three-record set, Columbia OSL-162. It isn't stereo, but it is high art, purveyed by a much better cast of singers than Mr. Goldwyn got. It is also complete, and the sound remains good (better than that of the new recording) even after eight years.

Quantz, Sammartini, Telemann, and Locillet: Four Sonatas for Flute, Recorder, and Continuo

Jean-Paul Rampal, Mario Duschenes, Robert Veyron-Lacroix; Erato EFM-42037: 10"

It may seem silly to review a French record, but it can be imported, and this non-stereo treasure probably never will be included in the American catalogues. Clearly the participants had a gleeful time making it. All four sonatas are delicious frolics, played here to perfection. I have a special affection for the prancing finale of the Quantz. If Quantz played this for his pupil, Frederick the Great, I am surprised that he was not dubbed a margrave on the spot. If you want to make yourself a bit of a connoisseur in your friends' eyes (or ears), this is worth paying duty on.

Winds in Hi-Fi

Frederick Fennell conducting Eastman Wind Ensemble; Mercury SR-90173 (stereo) and 50173

Mr. Fennell and his young Rochester bandsmen are back at their old tricks, making woods and brassy sound like thunder and summer lightning. The works are Percy Grainger's rustic *Lincolnshire Posy*, Bernard Rogers' *Three Japanese Dances*, Milhaud's charmingly fake antique *Suite Française*, and the Strauss *Serenade in E-flat*. Musically the pieces suit one another admirably. The fi is hi in both versions — in the stereo edition it is positively enveloping.

Foster: Stephen Foster Song Book

Robert Shaw conducting Robert Shaw Chorale, with John Cali, banjo and guitar; RCA Victor LSC-2295 (stereo) and LM-2295

The obvious way for RCA Victor to respond to Columbia's best-selling Mitch Miller series, *Sing Along with Mitch*, was to come out with an album of America's all-time favorite song writer's works, and they've done so. Moreover, they've done so very well. The recording is absolutely lovely, especially in the stereo edition, and the Robert Shaw-Alice Parker arrangements effectively lighten the sentimentality of the songs. In case you want to compete with Shaw, there is a score of vocal and piano arrangements by Skitch Henderson in the package.

Rome: Destry Rides Again

Lehmann Engel conducting Andy Griffith, Dolores Gray, other members of the Broadway cast; Decca DL-79075 (stereo) and 9075

Here from Harold (*Wish You Were Here*) Rome comes the most engaging musical to hit the West Forties since *My Fair Lady*. It is the famous Max Brand saga of the gunless Sheriff of Bottleneck and his dance-hall queen, Frenchy. It has been in movies twice, once with Tom Mix, once with Marlene Dietrich. It is at its very best in this musical, graced by the inimitable Tarheel humorist, Andy Griffith, and by the sweet, trumpet-voiced Dolores Gray. Rome, for his part, forgot all about sneaking in pop hit tunes and simply wrote a show. It is a wonderful, wild, Western show, wide open and full of fun and sentiment and tunes from beginning to end. Decca has recorded it so well that you can hear it better at home than in the theater.



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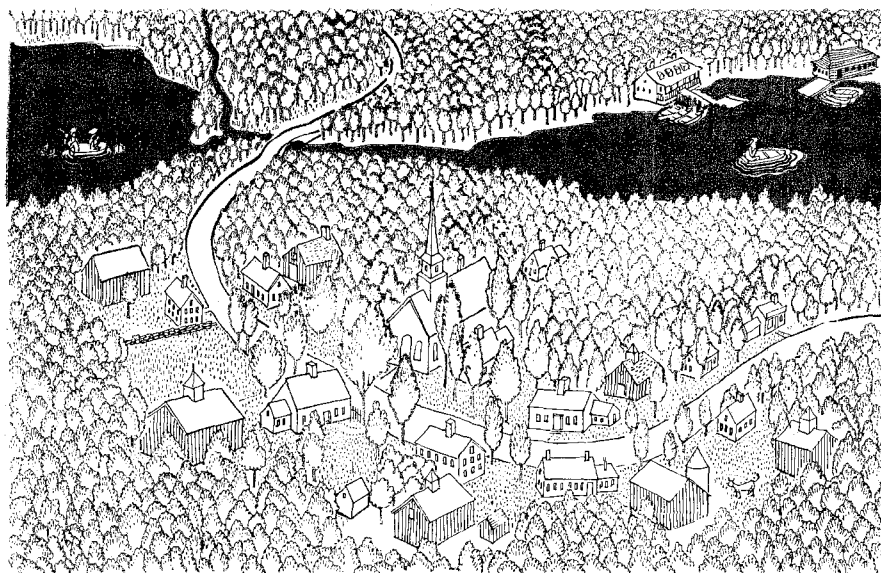
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THE VERMONT NORTH COUNTRY

BY MITCHELL GOODMAN

ACROSS the top of New England stretches a wide band of north country so fresh and unafflicted as to make one forget that the Great Tourism Machine had ever been invented. Green, diversified, and tranquil, this is the most interesting blend of lake, island, forest, and mountain in the East. Composed of two Yankee segments as varied as the countries of Scandinavia, the Vermont and New Hampshire north country constitutes a distinct *pays* on its own, a subregion little known to travelers.

In the north country the traveler finds relief from the usual tourist traps; the roads are unhurried, the villages friendly, the inns and lodges small, surprisingly good, and inexpensive. Distances are short; there are no waste spaces along the way. Burlington, the largest town, has 33,000 people; traffic — especially on the east-west roads — is light. It is a land of uncomplicated pleasures: of quiet lakes, of back-road drives to hidden trout streams; of church suppers and town fairs and old-home days; of small family-run restaurants where the food, grown locally, is as good and abundant as it is simple and inexpensive.

Summer comes late in the north: August through October are the prime months. Heavy forests with mixed hardwoods and conifers make for brilliant foliage color, at its best from the end of September through the first week of October. Traffic on the way north through Vermont and New Hampshire is usually heavy on foliage weekends, but the man who moves on weekdays can wander on impulse and be sure of hotel space any time after Labor Day. These months of the harvest are the time, too, to watch for village festivals, especially the grange suppers, turkey suppers, and game suppers that bring the casual visitor face to face with authentic New England home cooking.

At their best these feasts result from the combined genius of ten or twenty Vermont housewives, each contributing her specialty: the crust-ed baked beans, the puff-topped shepherd's pie, scalloped potatoes with a top toasting of cheese, chicken pie and dumplings, or baked Vermont ham — and then the spread of cakes, doughnuts, and pies. Biscuits, perhaps, baked right there in the Grange Hall, and cider pressed the same morning from new "Macs."

Watch the bulletin boards of village post offices and the newspapers of the nearest large town for the dates; find out in advance if seats are reserved (or if there are two or more sittings). If not, go early.

For a more intensive experience of the region, two adjoining areas nicely condense all its best qualities: 1) the northeast corner of Vermont, often known as the Northeast Kingdom, and 2) the top of New Hampshire, from cross-state U.S. 2 to the Canadian border. Separated by the lovely Connecticut River valley, these are two very different, and characterful, versions of the north country. Wild, mountainous, and thinly populated, with a most appealing cluster of lakes, they have the feel of frontier country and yet are readily accessible. Accommodation ranges from luxury hotels to a variety of inns, lodges, and sporting camps. Both areas are favorites with the handful of hunters and fishermen who have discovered them.

The Northeast Kingdom — made up of three of Vermont's least-traveled counties — is an area that remains as little known even to most Vermonters as it does to the rest of the world. Highland country with a mixture of dairy farms and deep woods, it lies surprisingly close to the sophisticated summer colonies to the south; served by three federal highways, it yet remains a remote and curiously overlooked corner of New England. Its villages do not dress themselves up for visitors, its entertainments are meant for local consumption. It is a surviving slice of rustic, independent Vermont, aloof from the hybrid summer worlds of Dorset, Woodstock, or Manchester. Nor is it a coincidence that the two authentic county fairs in Vermont are both held here, at Barton and Lyndonville.

From the south this area is easily reached by highway up the rich, calm Connecticut River valley or, with less traffic and a more intimate view of the Green Mountain interior, along Vermont 100, that runs all the way to the Canadian border. St. Johnsbury, "the maple center of the world," is the region's gateway town. Within a fifty-mile radius of St. Johnsbury are some of New England's most impressive features: Smuggler's Notch, Willoughby Lake, Mount Mansfield, and the great New Hampshire notches. But above all it is the proximity of Canada,

Lake Champlain, and the New Hampshire north country that makes the Kingdom so advantageous a center for off-track excursions. From Newport, for example, with its pleasant inns and lodges, trips by water on Lake Memphremagog can be made thirty-four miles into the mountain-rimmed Quebec countryside. It is forty miles by road (bus service) to see the lively Friday morning farmers' market at Sherbrooke. The circular drive from St. Johnsbury northeast to St. Albans bay on Lake Champlain, then back through Enosburg Falls and Hazens Notch to Orleans opens up some of the most attractive areas of the marvelously fresh Green Mountains.

In the Northeast Kingdom you can walk twenty-five miles through woods without seeing a house. But within it and on its fringes there are, for contrast, some of the most enjoyable of the old Vermont villages, quiet and unself-conscious. Among them are, notably, Greensboro, Morgan Center, Lyndonville, Peacham, Lower Waterford, and Craftsbury. (Several of these were "discovered" by the New England professors, men with an unerring eye for the best of what is left of the original New England.) Almost all are blessed with a lake nearby.

In these villages and around the lakes are many (but not too many) places to stay where the abused name of "inn" still has real meaning; small places, mostly owner-managed, where the home cooking that made New England's culinary reputation is often sustained with fervor. Caspian Lake in the rolling upland country of Greensboro provides a good example of how neatly these pleasures can be combined. The lake itself is 3000 acres of clear water refreshed (at 1400 feet) by mountain air. Hidden away at the end of a back road are an inn and a lodge, called respectively Lakeview and Highland and accommodating, together, seventy-five people. They offer beach, boats, riding horses, wonderful back-road drives, and smörgåsbord. The inn is owned and run by a Scandinavian, a man experienced in Continental cooking who, to the delight of the neighboring householders, is his own chef.

All this (including the food) costs about \$10 a day (the lodge) or \$40 to \$70 a week (the inn). These are fairly representative of rates in the area. There are other good inns scat-

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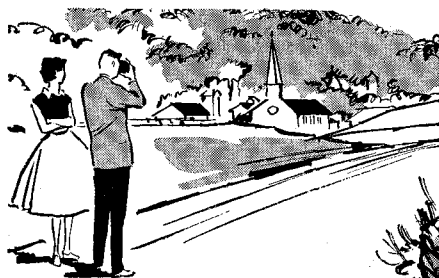
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tered in strategic places, among them the Darling Inn (Lyndonville), the Craftsbury Inn (Craftsbury), and the Hotel Barton on three-mile-long Crystal Lake (Barton). And in the classic Vermont village of Peacham there is Elkins Tavern, of Revolutionary War vintage, a very small place on the memorable back road from Danville to Groton. Memorable too is the sharp shift of scene as one moves from these pastoral highlands, through the forests beyond St. Johnsbury, across the Connecticut River valley, and into the alpine atmosphere of the White Mountains — all in an hour's drive.

Along Vermont's two main roads to the north country a number of new motels have recently appeared. A notable example — calling itself a "motor inn" and living up to the description — is the Marble Edge, four miles above Manchester. Across the road in the village of East Dorset is the charming contrast of the old Mount Aeolus Inn.

Of the Northeast Kingdom's fifty lakes and ponds, Willoughby is the most dramatic: a rarity in New England for its grandeur. Enclosed by stark cliffs, with a good assortment of accommodations along its five-mile length, it stands almost at the center of the region, making an ideal base point. All around it is fine hiking, riding, and climbing country.

Nearby are Seymour and Echo lakes, their sand beaches dominated by the peaceful slopes of Elan Hill, a nice contrast to the high drama of Willoughby. In the immediate vicinity are an inn, a lodge, and a colonial tourist home in Morgan Center. The inn and lodge are open through the November deer-hunting season; they make an excellent base for excursions past isolated Norton Lake (a favorite among local anglers) and through the great forests around the Averill Lakes. Accommodations in these wilderness places are scarce but quite satisfactory: a camp of five housekeeping cottages (with boats and motors for rent) on Norton Lake, and a more elaborate inn-and-cottages resort set-up — with guides, horses, and boats — on the Averill Lakes.

Another tempting road runs from Island Pond, a lumbering and trading center on the edge of the deep forest, seventeen miles to Bloomfield on the Connecticut River and then south to Maidstone State Forest on

large, secluded Maidstone Lake. For a thoroughgoing plunge into the woods, try the good back road two miles north of East Burke that runs to remote Granby. The sheriff of Essex County, who lives in Granby, would be the man to ask about guides and accommodations for the exceptional deer hunting in this neck of the woods.

The angler who keeps a rod ready in the car will find plenty of cause to stop and fish, especially as the cool nights of early fall begin to liven up the fish again. Five lakes alone — Big Averill, Little Averill, Forest, Wallis, and Norton — closely grouped in the northeast corner of the Northeast Kingdom offer a variety and abundance of sport (four kinds of trout, salmon, and small-mouth bass). There are plenty of boats to hire, and the hotel-keepers will arrange for guides.

For the more restless soul there are a half-dozen golf courses, scenic cruises on Willoughby and Memphremagog, horses and miles of riding trails. On Mount Pisgah (overlooking Lake Willoughby) and Mount Wheeler, well-equipped alpinists will find some of the best rock climbing in the East. The Appalachian Mountain Club, 5 Joy Street, Boston, and the Northeastern Vermont Development Association in Lyndonville will supply information.

Less ambitious climbers will find innumerable trails leading to high places and long views. The hiker's trail up Mount Pisgah, for instance, is said to offer more fine views than any other mountain in the Northeast, with the possible exception of the trail on Mount Lafayette in the White Mountains. The great roadless tract called Avery's Gore, whose only inhabitants are lumberjacks, has a lonely, breathtaking forest-fire lookout tower on Gore Mountain. The highest mountain in northern Vermont, Jay Peak, stands west of Newport; it is conveniently climbed by the Green Mountain Club's Long Trail, for a view that extends from Montreal to Lake Champlain and the Adirondacks to the White Mountains. Easier still: a paved road in the Darling State Forest (well equipped for tent camping) ascends Burke Mountain (3267 feet) to reveal mountain, lake, and forest for a hundred miles.

(Next month: *The New Hampshire North Country.*)

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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

IT is a question whether the nose or the feet are the quicker to accustom themselves to the Canadian woods in midsummer. For the first three days the feet are so touchy that they pre-occupy the mind; the trail along the river is full of granite stubs, of tree roots.

As one walks the nose conveys its impressions to the attic of the mind, to the half-forgotten memories of our youth. The olfactory sense is evocative, and a familiar smell conjures up instantaneously an earlier occasion when it suffused us. Along one level, marshy stretch — now dry, for the river is low — George, our head guide, had scythed the trail clear, and the scent of the warm, sweet grass sent me back as a child to Ossining, where I once got lost in a half-cut hayfield higher than my head. So, too, the trail after an early morning rain is redolent with leaf mold and the breath of the wet trees, and the nose tells us this is too much like autumn and the closing of summer's hope. Returning for lunch under the blazing sun, we pause on the ridge for a drink of the ice-cold spring, and the brown rustiness of the cup adds its odor to the taste; then we begin the long descent, where the down foot must be accurate, and as we steady ourselves against the spruce the gum smears on our fingers; instinctively we lick at it, and the aromatic flavor fills the mouth. Now at last we are approaching the clearing, and the smell of the sun-baked pine needles rises as if we had crushed it out with our feet. All this is familiar.

What is not are the new scents which are elusive and must be guessed at. There is one moss-covered, moundy stretch, carpeted by tiny, pink twin flowers, and these in turn are banked by the white blossoms of the bunchberry; this is the most fragrant spot in the entire trail, though whether the sweetness is drawn from the moss or the proximity of the three it is hard to say. As I climb the ridge to Caribou Pool, to reach the high point

where the guide can spot the fish, some forty feet above the dark, deep water, the air seems especially charged by the conifers, the smell partly balsam, partly to be traced to the old fallen spruces which have been rotting for decades. And whence the wild perfume, sweet as an attar, that drifts into our cabin window at night? I suspect the meadow rue but am not sure.

Unelusive, strong, and the same here as in Ireland, England, or Norway is the odor of the traveler we have come to meet, Salar the salmon; his musky emanation clings to fish nets and clothing, is heavy in the snow house, our ice chest, and heavier in the smokehouse, where the grilse — cleaned, split, and hanging in tawny rows — are being cured by George for the winter Martini.

Never is it possible to predict what our reception will be: one year it will be rainy and wet with heavy water and the big Green Highlanders and Durham Rangers the only taking flies — of which the supply is soon short. This year the river is full of fish, both the adult fish and the freshmen, the grilse of three or four pounds; the water is low and warm and, when at 3 P.M. the thermometer rises to 90 degrees, you could cook an egg in almost any pool. Heat takes the fight out of the mature salmon, making him depressed or, as Howard, our guide, puts it, "dilatatory." He holds in the fast water, head down in the rocky crevices, and the grilse, most of whom are males, lie beside or in phalanx above their elders, whose longer form and great broad tail can be seen through the shifting panes of the swift river. In the bright hot afternoons the family groups drop back from the deep water into the shallows that are shaded and onto ledges just over or just under the falls and at the mouths of the inflowing cold springs. It is tantalizing to mark their greenish, ghostly shapes underwater, disclosed by the ever-waving tail; to see at twilight their size as they heave up to the

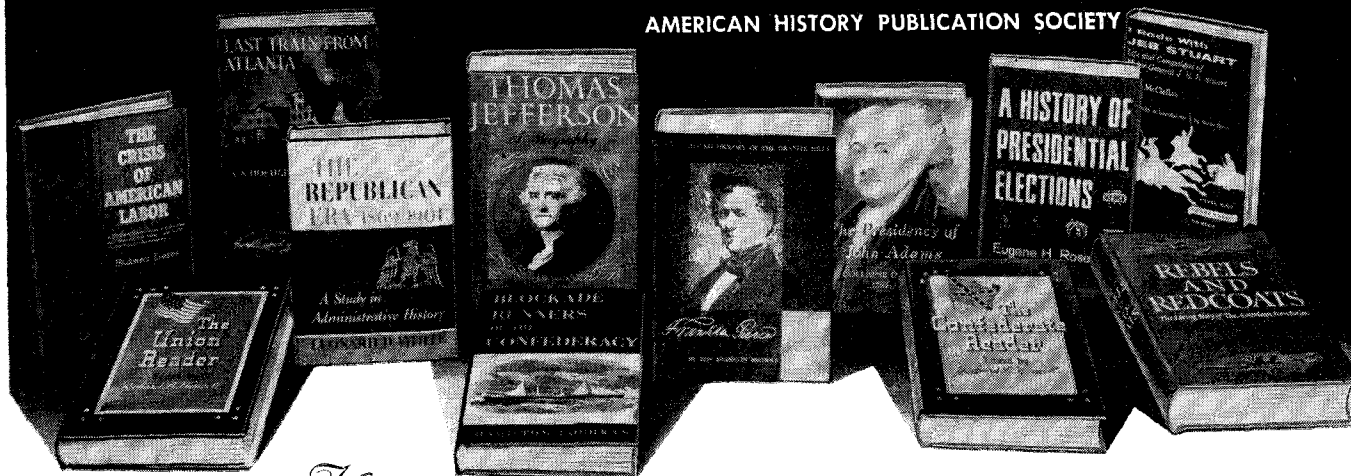
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surface and then submerge; and to know that there is nothing whatever we can do to attract them.

In such case we take solace in Kathleen's cooking, in the savor of her fresh-baked bread and ginger cookies, in the soups, for which she alone has the secret, in the tender lamb, raised out in the settlement, brought in by the jeep to the snow house for our coming. Kathleen is George's wife, redheaded, high-spirited, indispensable. "Growl I may, but go I must," she says as she leaves the bench overlooking the camp pool to face her hot range in the broiling kitchen, and the words hold a grin for us who are disconsolate.

MUSIC OF UNCONSCIOUS FLOW

GARSON KANIN, the author of *Born Yesterday* and the director of *The Diary of Anne Frank*, played a saxophone in jazz bands before he discovered or was discovered by Sam Goldwyn, and in his first novel, **BLOW UP A STORM** (Random House, \$3.95), he returns to the music of his youth and to the special circumstances in which a new talented combination, led by Lee ("Woody") Woodruff, makes its pitch in Manhattan in 1933. The combo begins as a trio and gradually fills out to seven, white and colored, with the Negroes predominant. Woody with his trumpet, Slug the drummer, and Albie Salmon at the piano are the stars; the others embroider and fill in. The arranger and saxophonist explains what is going on, and, like Woody, he is nineteen when the story begins. I find this an exceptional novel both in its story and in its power to elucidate "this music of unconscious flow" — how it works in communication, as one of the characters puts it, and what is inside, for which word language is not enough. But Mr. Kanin has the words.

The novel opens with the discovery of the players and the recognition of their singular abilities; then come the blending and fusion of the group, with their early success as a band and on records. Inevitably tension appears: Woody is a punishing leader, and the antipathy, latent from the start, between Slug and himself reaches its climax in Slug's collapse and fall from the stand. Despite their remorse and the care they give the stricken giant, the band can never be itself again, and the reasons for this tragedy and whether it was inevitable are what the little saxophonist gropes to articulate in the latter half of the book.

The novelist is working on three levels: first, in his personification of the meaning and genius of jazz; below this the relationship between white and Negro; and still deeper, the passionate attraction or repulsion between men and women. I should rate Mr. Kanin's success in that order. His exposition of the creativity of jazz is the most

brilliant I have read anywhere, and his best expositors are the narrator and the young Frenchwoman, Edmonde Roussel, wealthy enough to indulge her hunger for jazz and those who make it. As they walk round and round Jericho, the walls tumble down. In his handling of race relations Mr. Kanin is firm in sympathy, alert in antagonism; though Woody's persecution of Slug I find a shade melodramatic.

There are times when the talk runs too long, as in the reefer scene, which is artistically an intrusion and exhausting to the interest. Truer and more memorable are scenes like the walk uptown, ending in the Harlem riot, big Slug so pitiable in the hospital, the lovely intimacy between the narrator and his wife, and the tough cross-questioning by the doctors and the detectives — all this coming to us in the teasing, protective idiom of the protagonist. This is a story which is alive and sensitive, and such as only America could produce.

SAGE SYMPATHY

HARRY GOLDEN, editor of the *Carolina Israelite*, lecturer, and author of *Only in America*, began life on the top floor of a cold-water tenement on the East Side of New York. Somewhere between the two extremes he found a way of saying sage, shrewd things in a clear and sympathetic style. As a humorist he is in the tradition of Will Rogers and Finley Peter Dunne. The wilder flights of Mark Twain's exaggeration are not for him.

What distinguishes the short papers in his new book, **FOR 2¢ PLAIN** (World, \$4.00), is his humbleness, his alertness to the changes taking place in this ever-changing country, and his humor, which has in it either a note of compassion or the flash of indignation. He attributes the decline of American humor to those "waiting for vaudeville to come back so they can tell racial, ethnic, and rural jokes" and adds that "you can no longer tell a dialect joke, for instance, when the fellow is actually sending his daughter to Wellesley." This limitation, however, does not prevent Mr. Golden from being amusing in a tender, nostalgic way about his childhood in Manhattan and his Jewishness.

Politicians like Jimmy Walker, novelists like Ellen Glasgow, lawyers like Clarence Darrow, Golden's favorite movie queens, Claudette Colbert and Joan Crawford, are reviewed with the same genuineness as his unfunny scrutiny of segregation. The book is best for reading aloud in snatches, and the tendency to quote him is irresistible. Speaking of the Russian claim to the discovery of the North Pole, he says: "The important thing is not who reached it but who's going to figure out how to farm it."



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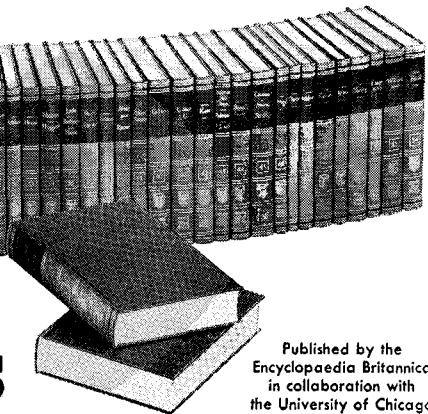
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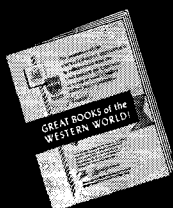
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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY CHARLES ROLO

The American political novel has traditionally been a novel of protest, animated (with a few exceptions, such as Dos Passos' second trilogy) by liberal ideology. *ADVISE AND CONSENT* (Doubleday, \$5.75), a king-sized novel of Washington politics by **ALLEN DRURY**, is a departure from this tradition. Essentially conservative in sentiment, it is concerned with morality in politics rather than with ideology; and the United States Senate emerges as its collective hero.

Advise and Consent (a Book-of-the-Month Club selection) is set in the near future, against a background of mounting crisis with Russia. It opens with the President's nomination of a new secretary of state, Robert Leffingwell, a brilliant but highly controversial figure, greatly esteemed by liberals and the general public and bitterly opposed in other quarters as a dangerous appeaser. Drury's story, which is pinpointed on the battle over Leffingwell's confirmation, carries the reader through the Capital's political, social, and diplomatic worlds; records Senate debates, committee hearings, conversations with the President; and delves into the minds, motives, and personal histories of the major actors in this *cause célèbre*.

With its dramatic subject matter, its behind-the-scenes atmosphere, and its skillfully developed plot, it seems destined to become one of the big best sellers of the fall season. It falls far short, however, of being a first-rate novel of contemporary history.

When a writer turns contemporary history into fiction, it is fair to ask: Has he simply borrowed from history, or has he — as Koestler did so memorably in *Darkness at Noon* — heightened its meaning and impact

by an act of the creative imagination? Does his book owe its interest to our knowledge that it is describing realities, or does it make the realities more interesting? By and large, *Advise and Consent* belongs in the borrowing category. One is interested in its fictional President because he is so clearly patterned after F.D.R.; in Senator Van Ackerman because he is a sort of Joe McCarthy of the Left; in the Leffingwell affair because of its parallels with the Oppenheimer drama. One feels throughout that the real figures are more remarkable, the real events more startling than the fictions they have inspired. A few of Drury's major characters do have a solidly created and arresting identity of their own, but they do not raise the novel as a whole above the level of expert pastiche.

The authenticity of Drury's portrait of the Capital is warmly vouched for by Arthur Krock and other Washington correspondents quoted on the jacket. His dialogue, however, frequently sounds artificial, and he makes a number of minor slips, such as the following: the Indian ambassador, a Hindu, is given a Muslim name, Khaleel. No British ambassador would say, "intend for things to happen." And it is highly unlikely that a Soviet ambassador would refer to the United States as the leader of "the free world."

THE DECLINE OF ENTERPRISE

THE FREUDIAN ETHIC: AN ANALYSIS OF THE SUBVERSION OF THE AMERICAN CHARACTER (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$5.00) by **RICHARD LAPIERE**, professor of sociology at Stanford University, is a critical appraisal of "the social implications" of Freudianism. Mr. LaPiere's exposition falls into three parts. The first argues that this country owes its dynamism to the so-called Protestant ethic, which prescribed self-reliance and enterprise, and that this ethic has been largely supplanted by one derived from Freud's view that man is inherently weak, not responsible for his actions, and repressed by the requirements of society. Part two describes how the Freudian ethic has been propagated, with allegedly disastrous consequences, by the permissive home, the progressive school, the cult of adjustment, and the condonation of crime as sickness. The theme of part three is that the emergence and widespread acceptance of



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the Freudian ethic "reflect, and in turn implement, changes that are occurring elsewhere in our society": the adoption by the once vigorous bourgeoisie of a passive and irresponsible "style of life," the development of a constricting form of "guildism" in the labor unions, and the rise of a philosophy of "maternalistic" government. All of these changes, LaPiere concludes, are designed to produce more security (emotional or economic), and *in toto* they are stultifying individual enterprise and may bring about an era of stagnation.

The exposition just outlined suffers from a basic confusion. It creates the impression, strongly supported by the book's subtitle, that the author considers the Freudian ethic directly or indirectly responsible for the changes he is discussing. But LaPiere repudiates this position, which indeed would be untenable. (For one thing, socialist thinkers were framing the philosophy of "maternalistic" government before the turn of the century, and legislation that heralded the welfare state was enacted long before the Freudian ethic took root.) In the preface LaPiere writes: "Concordance and cause are not synonymous; and nowhere in the pages that follow is there any intent to imply that . . . the Freudian ethic is the cause of concordant changes in our family life, in education, in judicial practices, or in our class, economic, or political organization." In this case, his title is misleading, and his failure even to mention the various forces that have produced the "concordant changes" is a disconcerting omission, which leaves his argument lopsided. Another major weakness is the failure to distinguish between Freudian doctrine (which LaPiere sometimes misstates or at least oversimplifies) and abuses of it. The Protestant ethic, too, can easily be made to appear a social menace if cutthroat competition, unbridled greed, and the callous exploitation of child labor are taken as true expressions of its spirit.

In spite of these complaints, and the fact that I do not share the author's point of view, I found myself reading his essay with considerable interest. It makes a compact, vigorous, and at least plausible assessment of the ways in which the Freudian ethic and concordant social changes are sapping the spirit of enterprise

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which this country requires if it is to retain its traditional dynamism.

THE TRIUMPH OF MERIT

From England there comes to us a satiric essay, *THE RISE OF THE MERITOCRACY* (Random House, \$3.50), inspired by fears about the future radically different from those that trouble Mr. LaPiere. The author, **MICHAEL YOUNG** — a sociologist who helped to draft the Labor Party's program for the welfare state — has taken a dig at one aspect of that program, the educational system, which puts the brainier children in special schools that open up to them larger opportunities. By depicting a Utopia where this practice and, indeed, the whole principle of social justice have been carried to their logical conclusion, Mr. Young shows that they could lead to a new form of hierarchical society, in which brains alone are the touchstone and other human qualities are discounted. (Mr. Young, apparently, is a supporter of social equality at all costs. He favors the American public school system precisely because, as its critics complain, it does not separate or give special attention to the brighter pupils.)

The Rise of the Meritocracy is cast in the form of an essay about the England of A.D. 2034, a Utopian society whose philosophy is, from each according to his ability, to each according to his merit. Scientific advances have made it possible to gauge a child's I.Q. at the age of three or even earlier, and his I.Q. rating determines the education he will receive and the level of society into which he will be recruited. Naturally, family background no longer counts — there is equal opportunity for all — nor do experience or seniority affect advancement. Throughout life the individual's position or "grade" is determined by the formula, "Intelligence plus Effort equals Merit," and he has the inalienable right to have his I.Q. retested (once every five years) and to be regraded if his score rises. The tiresome old controversy about inequality of wealth has been irreproachably disposed of. All receive "the Equal" (wage), and the difference between grades is recognized by the payment of tax-free allowances which enable the recipient to live in the style he deserves.

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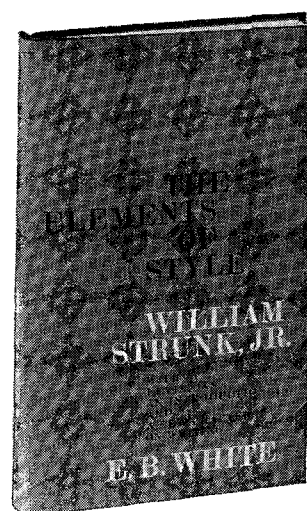
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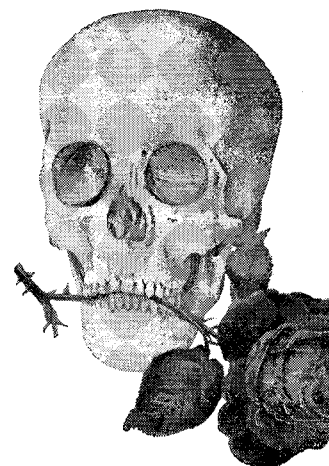
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about the rise of a brilliant new elite, the meritocracy — "the 5% of the nation who know what 5% means." The distinction between classes is sharper than before, for the upper classes know that they deserve their superior status, and the lower classes, knowing that they have had a fair chance, recognize that they are made of inferior stuff. No one has any grounds for complaint. Nonetheless there are stresses within the system. The top class of one generation is breeding the top class of another generation to an even greater extent than in the bad old days, and conservatives hint that it would be only realistic to restore the hereditary principle. The suggestion inflames the unreasonable resentments of the rank and file, and a revolution breaks out, led by evangelistic women of the elite.

Young's Utopia — or rather, anti-Utopia — is a brilliant conception. It could have been much more richly exploited in the form of a novel, but the form in which it comes to us certainly deserves one and possibly two cheers. The dry style gives out sparks of wit. There is a nice undertone of spoofing in the earnest praise for the new order and the disparagement of the archaisms it did away with. And there is a steady flow of ideas that are fresh, amusing, and provocative.

FICTION CHRONICLE

PETER S. FEIBLEMAN, author of that remarkable first novel, *A Place Without Twilight*, has followed it with a decidedly different book which, though not to my taste, is obviously the work of a writer with a powerful imagination, fine resources of language, and a vigorous storytelling talent. *THE DAUGHTERS OF NECESSITY* (World, \$4.50) is composed in melodramatic strokes and bizarre, romantic colors; and I'm afraid I found it raspingly theatrical and unreal. Words, gestures, actions are heavily charged with a suggestion of portentousness, but what they portend for the most part remains enigmatic or indecipherable.

The story, which is climaxed by the revelation of an Electra complex, might be summed up as a parable about the secret logic of fate. Once upon a time not very long ago, in a Southern town in this country, a young man — well-bred and strong-willed, somber, troubling to women

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—kisses the girl who loves him and, not understanding that her laughter comes from happiness, turns away from her in anger. He goes to Italy and brings back with him a wife — a lovely courtesan, born of a prostitute and an English aristocrat. When sickness cuts short her life, he sends off her little daughter, whom he had adopted, and salves his conscience by endowing her with riches. Now he marries the girl he once broke with, and she too dies, leaving him a daughter of his own, whom he cherishes with all his being and who grows up to be his "Princess." Out of the blue, the daughter he rejected comes to live in the town but keeps her door closed to him, and he believes she has returned out of hate. But it is guilt that leads him to see hate where there is only pride. And it is the daughter he has idolized who harbors the wish to kill him and who, when he lies dying, is no longer his "Princess."

The point of the parable is presumably contained in the phrase, "The fates are only necessary facts," which I take to mean that our destiny, however strange and fortuitous it may seem, is something we have shaped in our own image. Unfortunately, the motivation of the characters is so elusive, the action is so steeped in mystification, that a sense of necessity is precisely what the novel lacks.

LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS, who combines the writing of fiction with the practice of law, belongs in the relatively small group of American novelists under forty-five who have behind them not three or four books but a substantial body of work. *PURSUIT OF THE PRODIGAL* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.75) brings the total of his published books to eight, an output which, for a fastidious writer, shows remarkable stamina. Mr. Auchincloss' novels are usually referred to as an insider's subtle indictments of the upper class, but this seems to me a misreading of his intentions. (Incidentally, he has not confined himself to upper-class terrain, and some of his major characters are of modest origin.) Auchincloss' primary interests are those of the psychological novelist rather than the social critic. He entitled one of his books *The Injustice Collectors*, after the label given by a psychoanalyst to a certain pattern of neurotic behavior, and something similar to this pattern keeps re-

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JAROSLAV PELIKAN, a young Lutheran minister, is professor of historical theology, the Federated Theological Faculty, the University of Chicago.

Particularly well known for his co-editorship of the widely-acclaimed *Luther's Works*, he is also co-author of the script for the movie "Martin Luther," and is Departmental Editor for Religion of *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

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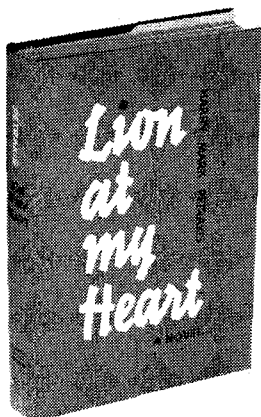
An Atlantic Grant has been awarded to Jesse Hill Ford of Humboldt, Tennessee. This award is granted by the editorial boards of the Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown and Company. The purpose of the Grant is to assist young writers of promise and distinction whose work first appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Ford was introduced to *Atlantic* readers in April of this year with his story, "The Surest Thing in Show Business." Another story, "A Strange Sky," appears in the current issue. Mr. Ford is now at work on a novel.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
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curing in his books. His characteristic protagonist is an individual who overreacts to the flaws in his milieu, the compromises required by his job, and whose seemingly courageous dedication to his integrity or his freedom is the manifestation of an unconscious need to court disaster. To put it more broadly, Auchincloss has concerned himself largely with people whose conformity or non-conformity is a destructive compulsion. If his intentions have been misinterpreted, it is partly his fault. He puts himself in the shoes of his main character and makes the reader share his plausible but distorted perspective, and he has not succeeded, until *Pursuit of the Prodigal*, in setting up a corrective counterpoint that brings his meaning clearly into focus.

The hero of his new novel, Reese Parmelee, has grown up determined to get away from Parmelee Cove, the family estate on Long Island, and not to enter the law firm founded by his eminent grandfather. But in 1941 he marries and becomes a father, and when he returns from the war, he feels he has irrevocably lost what he values most: his freedom. However, he gets a second chance (by giving his wife good reason for divorcing him); and, moving to Greenwich Village, he embarks on a new job as assistant to a tough court lawyer. Soon he is married again — this time to a career girl who works on a fashion magazine — and they start leading the life of a successful young couple in New York's Upper Bohemia. But once again his "nagging disapproval of the world" and his obsession with his integrity (which he persists in believing his boss has violated) lead him to want out. Auchincloss' resolution of this situation seemed to me not in keeping with the book's insights. For the rest, the people and the settings are admirably drawn, and the story is engrossing.

IN THE BARREN BEACHES OF HELL (Holt, \$4.95), **BOYD COCHRELL** has succeeded handsomely in doing what he set out to do: describe the experience of the representative soldier who faced the enemy on the ground, directly and daily; who was neither a hero nor a shirker but fought with courage and endurance and increasing skill; who disliked some officers but was not at war against the officer class; who lost his illusions but did not make an unconditional surrender



***Lion at
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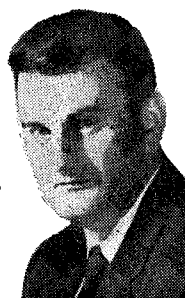
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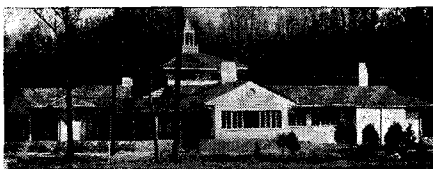
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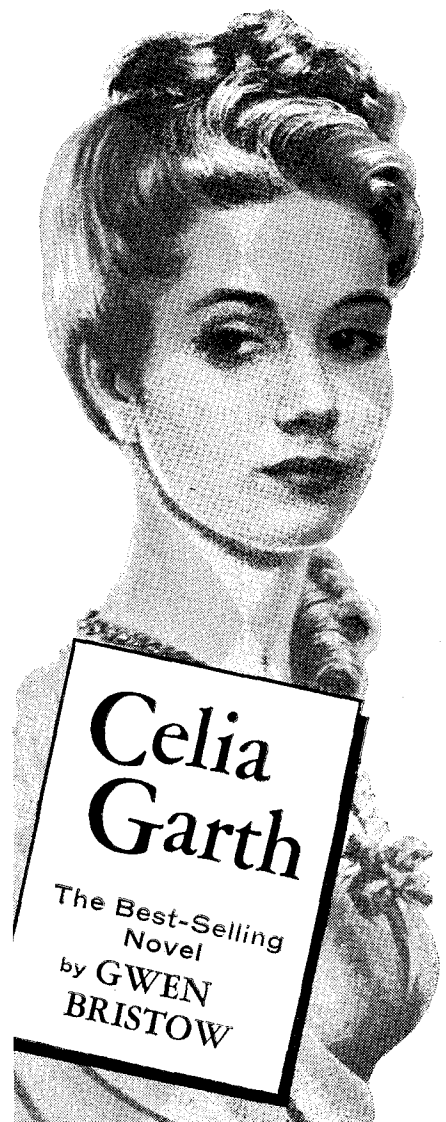
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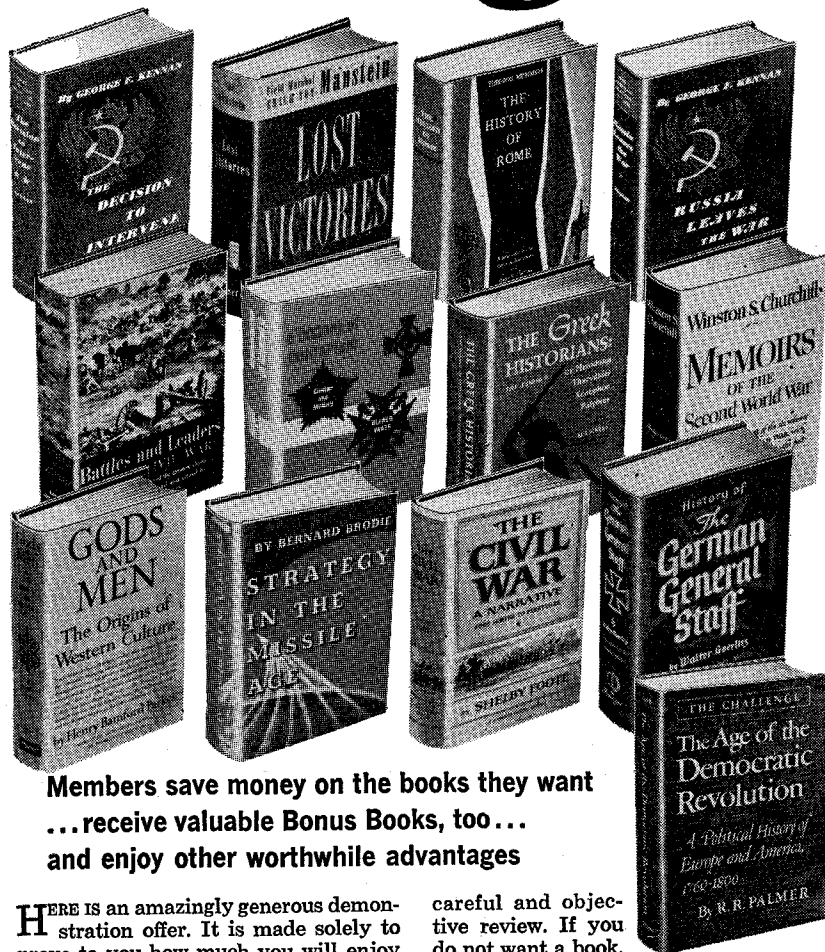
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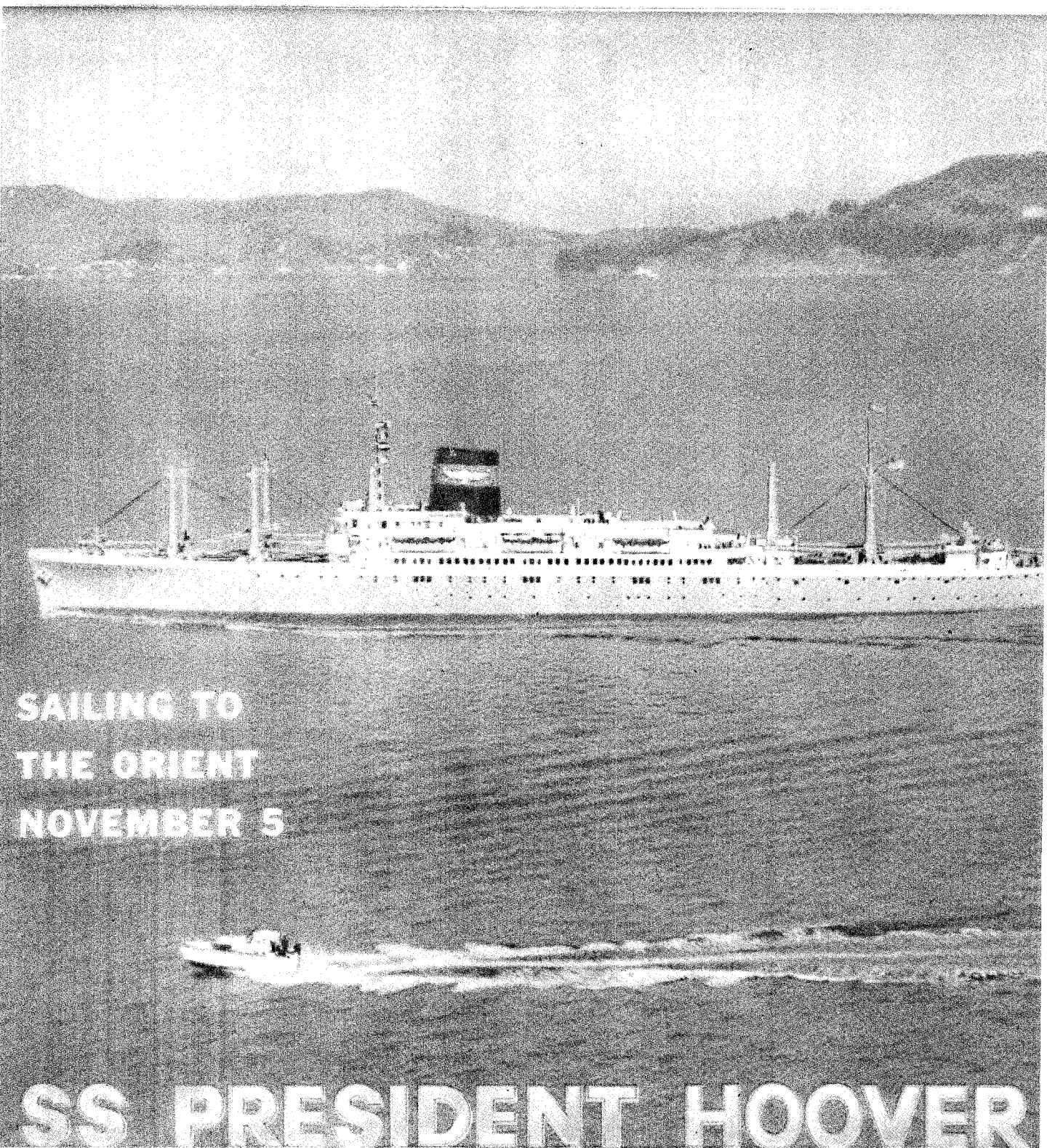
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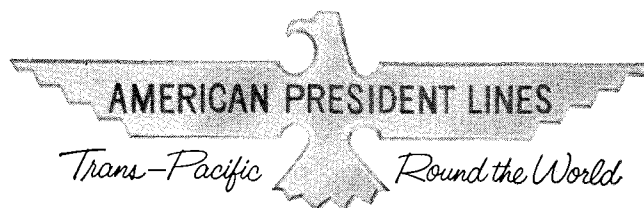
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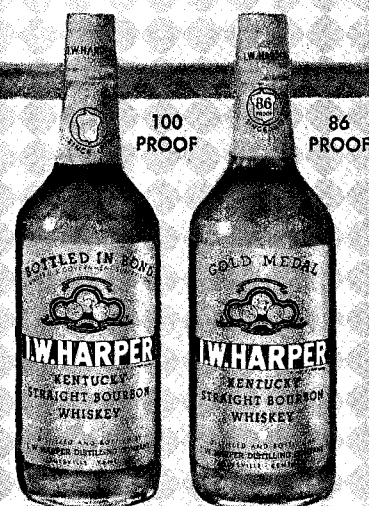
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